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No. 1516.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

PRICE
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UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.—DONNELIAN LECTURE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Board will meet on SATURDAY, the 20th day of November, proceed to the ELECTION of the DONNELIAN LECTURER for 1857.

Applications from Candidates, with a statement of their claims, should be sent to the Registrar, on or before the 2nd inst.

Each Candidate is required to send in with his application a statement of the Subject on which he proposes to lecture.

None but Professors of the University, or Divinity, Doctors of Divinity of this University, are entitled to be Candidates.

By order of the Board.

H. LLOYD, Registrar.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The next General Meeting will be held at the Society's house in Regent-street, on Tuesday, November 25th, on which occasion there will be a SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF FRUIT.

Visitors can only be admitted by the order of a Fellow or Candidate.

The rooms will be open to Visitors at 1 P.M. The Chair will be taken at 9 P.M.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.—The Committee have the pleasure to announce that having in view the most efficient commemoration of Handel in 1859,—that year being the centenary of his death,—an arrangement has been made with the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company for a preliminary Grand Handel Musical Festival, to be celebrated on the 25th of November, at the Royal Crystal Palace, in the early Summer of 1857, with a carefully selected Orchestra of TWO THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED PERFORMERS. Full particulars will be made public in due time.

The Society's Rehearsals and Performances at Exeter Hall will only be carried on with the accustomed regularity, but will derive more than usual interest from the Festival arrangements.

The Committee are now prepared to furnish printed particulars to persons desirous of proferring really efficient amateur assistance for the Festival, either in person or application or by letter, addressed to the General Festival Committee, at the Office of the Sacred Harmonic Society, No. 6, Exeter Hall.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The Concert Season will commence with the performance of Handel's Oratorio, SOLOMON, on FRIDAY, the 3rd of November instant.

The Committee have the pleasure to announce that it will apply at the Society's House, No. 6, Exeter Hall, where the Prospectus for the forthcoming interesting Season may be had on application.

The Subscription is One, Two, or Three Guineas per Annum.

A CHOIR, REHEARSAL, under the direction of Mr. COSTA, will be held in the Library, on FRIDAY NEXT, at Eight o'clock, exact time, which all those who desire to take part in the Performance are expected punctually to attend.

MR. BENNETT'S NEW LECTURE.—LADIES AND WATCH-MAKERS.—Mr. JOHN BENNETT, F.R.A.S., a member of the Faculty of Physicians, delivered his New Lecture at the following Institution, before Christmas:—November 17th, Commercial-road; 10th, Preckham; 19th, London Mechanics' Institution; 20th, Beauvoir Town; 24th, Devizes; 26th, Stratford; 29th, Ashton; 31st, Bethnal Green; 2nd, Stockwell; 4th, Aldershot; 8th, Uxbridge; 10th, Chelmsford. The Lecture is illustrated by a variety of Models, Diagrams, and Diagrams. Specimens of Clocks and Watches can be procured at the Institutions, or at the Watch Manufactory, 65, Cheapside.

SYLLABUS.—Sketch of the History of Timekeepers. Progress of their Improvements, illustrated by a great variety of Works and Clocks.

The English and Swiss systems compared. Value and results of each system.

Causes of the smaller cost of Swiss Watches.

Better Education of Swiss artisans, especially with reference to the Principles of Art.

Notes for a general system of National Education in England.

A more systematic mode of manufacture—Decimal Measure—Employment of Women.

Large need of new occupations for Women in London.

The Census Returns as to the Number of Employed and Unemployed.

How they may be advantageously engaged in London as now in Swiss Watch-work.

Beneficial Results—Commercial, Social and Moral.

MR. MANUEL GARCIA begs to announce

that he will RETURN to LONDON on the 24th of NOVEMBER.

All letters to be addressed, till the end of the month, to 40, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly: and from the 1st of December to his new residence, 5, George-street, Hanover-square.

INDIAN DIRECT INFANTRY APPOINTMENTS.—With the sanction of the Hon. the Court of Directors, CLASSES will be formed at the Military College, ADDISCOMBE, during the ensuing Christmas and Midsummer Vacations, to prepare for Examination Gentlemen who have received, or may receive, Nominations to Direct Infantry Appointments. For further information apply to J. T. Hyde, Esq., Addiscombe, Surrey.

NAVIGATION SCHOOL, under the Direction of the Board of Trade.—Separate CLASSES for

MASTERS and MATES in the Merchant Service, at 6s. per Week, and for SEAMEN, at 6d. per Week, meet daily at the Sailor's Home, West-street, London Docks. Apprentices admitted free. Application to be made at the Sailor's Home.

THE GOVERNESSSES' INSTITUTION, 34, Soho-square.—Mrs. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools to her Register of English and Foreign GOVERNESSSES, TEACHERS, COMPANIONS, TUTORSES, and TAUTORSES. School Property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

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terms, now of 37, WYNDHAM-STREET, Bryanston-square, and his friends that he continues to INSTRUCT

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MR. ROCHE'S EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTES for YOUNG LADIES, CADOGAN GARDENS, and 23, SOMERSET-STREET, WILL RE-OPEN on the 17th of November (1st year), for Drawing, Penmanship and Calligraphy and French, Italian, English, Singing, Piano, Drawing, Painting, and Dancing.—Applications to be addressed to Mr. A. ROCHE, CADOGAN GARDENS.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?—Many to whom this question is put will answer, "I can read, translate, and understand pretty well, but I cannot speak it." CLASSES in which the Pupils are taught conversationally and practically by some native Professors, are held at M. ROSENTHAL, 352, Oxford-street, between the Pantheon and Regent-circus.

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FRENCH.—17, KING WILLIAM-STREET, CITY.—MARIOT DE BEAUVIOIS'S ROOMS—Oral and Practical Method—Elementary and Conversation Classes—Private Lessons—Classes for Ladies.—For particulars respecting terms, hours of attendance, &c. see the Prospectus.

N.B.—Mons. de B.'s last work, "The Principle of the French Verb in a few hours" (price 1s.), is published by Bingham Wilks, Royal Exchange; and 131, Fleet-street.

FRENCH and MATHEMATICS.—Mr. AUGUSTE MANDROU, M.A. of the Paris Academy, intends opening at his residence, 36, Colehill-street, Eaton-square, EVENING CLASSES for the study of French and Mathematics. Classes will be formed of SIXTY PUPILS ONLY, and to begin as soon as completed. Two Lessons weekly, each of two hours' terms, two guineas each Pupil per Quarter, payable in advance. References given. Only three Classes can be formed; one for French, one for Mathematics, and one for both together.

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REVIEWS

The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Chapman & Hall.
The life of Catherine de' Medici is a link between two histories. It connects the darkest days of France with the darkest days of Italy, — civil war and pestilence on the Arno, with religious war and massacre on the Seine. Catherine seemed fated from the first, not for happiness and for virtue, but for the disquietudes of a morose ambition. A prophet might have been around her cradle the presages of St. Bartholomew. There was no family love, no parental hope, no tranquil pride in the Ducal palace on the day in which she came into the world,—the offspring, it might be said, of a curse, and doomed to be the instigator of an unparalleled crime. There was no more gloomy home in Florence on the 13th of April, 1519, than that in which the desire of the Medici was fulfilled by the birth of Catherine. The blood-royal of France now flowed in the veins of that illustrious family. The Florentine dukedom, the Papal throne, had been united to the ancient houses of Boulogne, and Auvergne, and Bourbon. Lorenzo, the father of Catherine, was in his twenty-seventh year; Madeleine, her mother, was still a girl, yet, before the infant was two months old, the funerals of both her parents had gone down the Via Larga,—the one an object of hate, the other an object of pity.

Nowhere is history more bright with poetic colouring, overcast from time to time by tragic shadows, than where it represents the career of Florence and the Medici;—of Florence, whose palaces are memorials of epic romance, and of the Medici, merchants and princes, who made their own, who wore two papal tiaras, who aspired to kingly alliances, and gave a queen to France. The Tuscan capital, a place of pilgrimage to the modern world, seems to speak in its every monument of that proud house and its fortunes. Amid the extravagance, the grace, the levity of the City of Flowers, of the idlers who loiter in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, or lounge in the Pergola, or sun themselves in the Cascine, or haunt the shrines of Mediæval art and glory, the Riccardi Palace is never forgotten. The Strozzi is more magnificent, the Pitti more picturesque; but the work of Cosmo, of Buonarotti, and Michelozzi—though Austrian dragoons have stabled their horses in the lower story—is still a wonder and a delight. Here dwelt Lorenzo, nephew of Leo the Tenth, with Madeleine, daughter of a Bourbon, and here Catherine de' Medici was born. She has been a favourite subject of biography; but most writers have greeted her on the French frontier, after her marriage. It is at this point that Mr. Trollope leaves her. His book, which has been a work of much research and preparation, is devoted exclusively to the circumstances of her youth—the circumstances which formed and hardened her character. These are the least known, but not the least interesting episodes in her career. Catherine de' Medici at Paris is a familiar personage, but Catherine de' Medici at the Convent of Santa Lucia, in the Murate, during the Florentine Reign of Terror, during the negotiations preceding her nuptials, had not been drawn in the elaborate portraiture of the historian. Mr. Trollope has written these neglected chapters of her story, accompanying them with a bright but careful picture of the times in which she lived, and the events which moved around her. The narrative acquires thus a twofold interest,—that of a personal account, and that of a broad, social diorama exhibiting the tints and shadows of Florentine

life and politics early in the sixteenth century. Mr. Trollope has an elegant, fresh and forcible style, his criticism is clear and penetrating, and he illustrates, by a succession of anecdotes and sketches, the moral influences of the age into which the infant Medici was born. These go far to explain her conduct and policy as Queen and Queen-Mother of France.

The sudden and premature death of her parents has been noticed. Lorenzo, detested by the people of Florence, received nevertheless the ostentatious honours of a public funeral. A mighty train of mourners accompanied the body to its grave. The Florentines might have been supposed, by a stranger, to have clad themselves universally in sable habiliments to express or affect sorrow for the death of their Duke; but the custom of wearing black had become so general that it gave the city an air of habitual gloom. Some persons said that this circumstance was in itself a portent of calamity;

" Yet a curiously characteristic anecdote, related by Nardi, shows that the hardihood of one who dared to be out of the fashion, and break the uniformity of all this decorous sable woe, was by no means well looked on by his fellow citizens. There was a certain Francesco Villani, a remarkably handsome young man, who was one of the consuls of the guild of druggists, and who, as president of the company for the time being, had to walk at the head of the representatives of his guild in the funeral procession of the late duke. Not only those who formed part of the *cortege*, but almost the whole city, as has been said, were to be seen in black upon the occasion. But there, in the midst of the dismal propriety, the handsome young consul of the druggists, whether from coxcombry simply, or to mark his anti-Medicean sentiments, chose to present himself clothed entirely in scarlet!—doublet, hose, and cap, all of the same brilliant hue—with a gay nosegay in his hand; and, manifesting very clearly in his whole air and bearing, says the historian, that he cared but little what the world might say or think of him. There was a universal shaking of heads at the imprudent young man, and as general a prognosis that 'such rashness would come to a bad end';—a result adds the narrator gravely, that did not fail very shortly to follow. With which mysterious hint, he unsatisfactorily leaves the matter."

The new-born infant, when her father's funeral had left the door, would have been utterly alone in her ancestral palace had not the Cardinal de' Medici hastened from Rome to undertake the administration of the family affairs. As a feud had arisen between him and Lorenzo, he would not enter the Via Larga until the body had passed out of it, but immediately after made haste to the desolate palace. He had been constituted, by the force of circumstances, the natural guardian of his infant relative and of the family greatness. And he was not unwilling to assume the task. Though more the Pope than Leo, he felt a strong anxiety to recover the ground lost by Lorenzo in Florence, and though puzzled by the charge that accompanied this political inheritance, was careful not to neglect the baby, "a possession of infinite moment to Medicean ambition."

" It is easy to imagine the far-sighted thoughts, and state-craft begotten day-dreams, which must have been busy under the scarlet skull-cap of the comely priest, as his dark meditative eyes first looked down on the infant Medici."

It is not known how far in after years he sought to impress his own character upon the child; but it is certain that Catherine, as a woman, when surrounded by state cares, intrigues, and temptations, acted as though she had been schooled by this subtle churchman in unscrupulous deceit and cruelty. As an infant she was "lively and healthy," and her career of seventy years would seem to imply a vigorous constitution—a remarkable circum-

stance, considering that her father died consumed by vice, and that her mother had paid the penalty of his excesses.—

" The physiological observer, will, however, remember that her children were very far from being so; and here, again, would seem to be one of those cases in which a physiological heritage skips a generation, and the vices of the grand sire are visited on the grandchild."

The Cardinal took her with him to Rome—a journey then rendered difficult by swamps, marshes, rocks and rivers. Children were usually conveyed in panniers; but the heiress of the Medici was royally accommodated, with her nurse, in a litter borne by mules.—

" The Cardinal and his numerous suite, lay and clerical, were all mounted on horses or mules; the great man himself, and perhaps some of his more dignified ecclesiastical attendants, using the latter, and the lay commonly the former steeds. For the well-known, ambling journey-mule was then in Italy, as still it is to the present day in Spain, a highly valuable animal; not only considered more decorously adapted to the staid gravity of a distinguished churchman, but also very much easier in its paces than the best broken horse. In many fresco paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a pope or cardinal may be seen seated on a mule, in the midst of a noble and gorgeous *cortege* mounted on war-chargers."

With such a cavalcade did young Catherine enter Rome, and, within its gates she vanishes from history for a space of six years. Leo the Tenth had been pope for six years and a half; the States were threatened with internal commotions and foreign danger; but the Leonine rule was bright and gay, and while the dangerous Charles the Fifth was crowned, and while Ancona revolted and Romagna grumbled, there were hunting parties at Corneto, hawking parties at Viterbo, fishing parties at Bolsena, rustic parties at Malliana, and supper parties at Rome; and the poets composed little flattering lyrics, and the wits uttered little impudent jokes, and Leo the Tenth was a popular pope. That, perhaps, did not save him from being poisoned; but the Papal Puritan who succeeded, Adrian the Sixth, that Flemish ascetic who lived on a dollar a day, sent the Ciceronian bishops to their distant dioceses, scattered the Academicians, abolished the moonlight suppers by the waters of Tiber, paid for no more poems, encouraged no more Decameronian pic-nics, and dined himself in his scarlet, as though he had been a fisher of fishes, and not of men. Say the Venetian ambassadors of that day—

" For his table the Pope spends, as has been said one ducat a day; which with his own hand he draws from his pocket and gives to his private butler, saying, 'Buy for to-morrow, with this.' His food consists of a morsel of veal, or beef, or fowl: sometimes he has soup of some common kind; and on the vigils, fish; but of all he eats sparingly. A woman that he brought with him from his own country cooks for him, and makes his bed, and does his washing."

The Venetian Cardinal Cornaro himself, when he invited these ambassadors to a festival, showed them how far this frugal Pope was likely to conciliate the voluptuaries of Rome.—

" After duly recording the velvet-covered seats, the cloth of gold, the side-boards loaded with superb plate, they state the astounding fact, that the dinner consisted of sixty-five courses of three dishes each! and all served on silver. 'Scarcely had we tasted one,' say the simple ambassadors, with very evident admiration, 'than another was brought in. At last we rose, stuffed and stupefied, as well from the quantity of the food as because at the Cardinal's table there was music of every sort that could be found in Rome. Excellent fifers played continually; harpsichords also were there, with most wonderful sounds in them; lutes with four strings; harps, and songs outside the room and inside;—one music after another!'

Three times a week did Cornaro give these

entertainments. Cardinal Grimani, however, accomplished something even more wonderful; for he kept the Venetians six hours at table on a fast-day, with nothing but fish for dinner.—

"They particularly commemorate one fish, a sturgeon, the head of which was 'larger than that of a large ox,' and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, equal to not much less than 8*l.* of our present currency!"

The Cardinal Cornelio took his guests out a-hunting, and rode a dapple-grey Spanish jennet, and next morning sent the ambassadors three mules laden with the whole produce of the chase:—

"He sent also three other mules, each carrying a very fine calf; and twenty very long poles, carried by forty porters, from which hung capons, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, peacocks, quantities of salted meats of various sorts, and most delicate buffalo cheeses; besides three pipes of wine loaded on twelve mules, carrying two barrels each; and for every four of these mule-loads there was another mule carrying an empty tun well seasoned, for holding the wine in the cellar. The wines were of three sorts, and most exquisite. Besides all this there were forty loads of corn for our horses."

Venice, the masque of Italy, was astounded by the sumptuousness of Rome; but how did it fare with pale Adrian and his dollar-a-day? He died in disappointed virtue in 1523, and the Conclave elected the Cardinal de' Medici. So that Catherine was now the Pope's ward. It is supposed that about this time she returned to her Florentine palace, under the care of a cardinal. At Rome she had inhabited a separate house; and now, at Florence, she dwelt in her own palace until her eighth year,—the last year of tranquillity she was ever to know. Even then, says Mr. Trollope:—

"The earliest fragments of the talk going on around her, which Catherine's sharp and active intellect was then avidly seizing and appropriating, as children do, to be stored in indelible association with those first assimilated ideas, which constitute character,—must have turned on schemes of popular repression, on dread of popular violence; or cruel vengeance counselled by hate, but held in check by fear; on all the rules and wiles of that state-craft, which regards nations as dangerous and untamed animals, to be kept in subjection only by mingled deceit and violence. Such was the future queen's earliest instruction in the art of governing, all the more carefully treasured in her inmost heart, if presented by example rather than by professed precept."

There was war in Italy. The sack of Rome took place. The Pope sheltered himself in the Castle of St. Angelo. The revolution in Florence followed, and Catherine, in the midst of tumult and confusion, was sent for safety to the Convent of Santa Lucia. Mr. Trollope leaves her there, to trace the adventures of the new Florentine republic; but though he tells the story in a style that vivifies the dust of ancient libraries, we prefer to pass on, and glean some fragments that really belong to the girlhood of the youngest daughter of the Medici.

As the commotions of the country increased, she was removed to the nunnery of the Murate, or "walled-up ones":—

"A community of nuns which had been founded nearly a century and half before, by the enthusiasm of three devotees, who had determined to live and die in a little building on the pier of one of the Florence bridges, utterly separated from all personal communication with the world without."

Instead of the little building on the pier, however, the walled-up ones had now their church and oratory, refectory, parlour, abbess's residence, and many a door and gateway for the coming and going of the profane:—

"But as the sisterhood were still, as ever, to be 'murata,' each novice on joining the society made her entry, not by any of these, but through a hole in the outer wall, broken for the occasion, and rebuilt

behind her, in symbolisation of her final separation from the world."

There were about two hundred ladies in this fashionable fraternity, and among them Catherine lived so contentedly, that, when queen, she remembered and rewarded the kindness of the walled-up ones of the Via Ghibellina.—

"We will now withdraw our eyes from this passing outlook into the troubled future, and fix them on the small and slender figure of the child, now nearly nine years old, and innocent as yet of queenly troubles and queenly crimes, as she is marched on foot through the plague-stricken streets of Florence in the dark of that December night, from one nunnery to the other,—innocent as yet, but by no means unconscious of the nature of her position, and of the importance attaching to her person. She had now been for rather more than six months an inmate of the convent of Santa Lucia, and had had time to become accustomed to it and to its inmates, as to a home and home companions. Suddenly, after nightfall, stranger men present themselves at the convent gate, and demand on the authority of the republican government, that she be given up to them."

And she took her long walk across the entire extent of the city, and met the black-robed brothers of Mercy bearing a plague-stricken citizen to the hospital, or the dead cart, with its jangling bell, and train of torch-bearers in white surplices, and then through a narrow postern, she passed in among the immured sisterhood. Mr. Trollope lingers at this point to imagine what caresses she received, and what comfortable *douceurs* from the seven boxes of sugar that came annually from Portugal. It is probable that here she acquired those graceful manners, and those charming powers of conversation, by which diplomats in France were fascinated and lawyers flattered. The high-born nuns were no self-famishing ascetics, flagellants, or devotees of mortification. They even grew plump by eating animal food on fast-days, under special indulgence.—

"In due imitation of their poor half-crazed but certainly sincere foundress, who shut herself in earnest reality from all communication with the world in her narrow cell on the bridge over Arno, each noble damsel on her entrance into the sisterhood edified the Florentines by performing the theatrical feat of passing in through a hole in the wall broken for the purpose, while Archbishop and Canons were there to make up the show and to lay with their own right reverend hands the first brick of the mended wall behind her. But the solemn reclusion typified by so awful a ceremony appears to have been above as much a genuine reality as the other parts of their monastic discipline. If the one hole was bricked up, there were plenty of other entrances into the warren. If doors were decently shut with ostentatious bolt and bar, there were other means of reaching the forbidden fruit ripening within those not too savagely guarded gardens. The Florentine chroniclers and novelists of the sixteenth century, whose melodrama-like tales are on this point sufficiently confirmed by the official edicts and complaints of the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of the day, prove that such means were put in habitual requisition by noble youths outside the cloister wall, who wished to visit noble ladies within them."

These noble youths and ladies "kept up the game at a pretty pace," so that the traditions of the convent are not altogether free from scandal. Thirty months in such company must have had some effect on the character of the child Catherine. Nowhere were vespers so seductively sung; nowhere were penitences so pretty, or vestal garments so graceful, as among the Murate nuns; but when the memorable siege of Florence took place, Catherine ran some risk even in the bosom of this tender sisterhood.—

"It was proposed in the great council that the young duchess should be exposed upon the battlements of the city walls to the artillery of the besiegers. And old Bernardo da Castiglione, one of the most bitter haters of the Medici and all belong-

ing to them, was accused of having advised that still more atrocious vengeance should be inflicted on the detested family in the person of the young girl."

Again removed to Santa Lucia, and thence to Rome, she evinced some affection for her kinsman Ippolito; but the little Duchess had not been contended for by jealous faction to be left to choose her own husband.—

Catherine is described as being in this her fifteenth year, small and slender; thin and not pretty in the face, but having the large eyes peculiar to the family of the Medici. The perfect accuracy of this description can hardly be doubted; though it is scarcely compatible with some parts of Brantôme's flattering picture of Catherine's person at some what later period."

Brantôme, who wrote from memory, described her, when a woman, as beautiful in countenance and figure; but, at all events, it was not her beauty that attracted kings and dukes as her suitors. John Stuart, second duke of Albany; Henry the Second, Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan; Gonzaga, duke of Mantua; Hercules, of Este; the Count of Vendôme, the Duke of Urbino, the Duke of Richmond, illegitimate son of Henry the Eighth, and others, had been talked of, as well as the King of Scotland.—

"The reason assigned by his Holiness for not having encouraged him is curious and characteristic. He pointed out that he did not like to send her so far away, seeing that couriers to bring him news of her from such a distance would cost more than her dowry."

Henry of France carrying off this prize—the lady of "low rank, blood, and family," despised by Henry the Eighth—it was agreed that the Holy Pope, the Most Christian King, and the daughter of Lorenzo, should meet at Marseilles. Meanwhile, the young *promessa sposa* lived at Florence, and was amused by bull-baiting, races by riderless horses, mock battles, and other ancient sports of Italy. A festival in honour of the Emperor is picturesquely described:—

"There were triumphal arches eighty feet high, and colossal figures, historical paintings, transparencies, inscriptions with the letters four feet high; his Majesty's motto, 'plus ultra,' so large that it might be read a third of a mile off! Then, at a turning in the street, there was a figure eighteen feet high, which advanced a step, laughed (!), and then bowed to his Majesty. It bore on its base the words 'Hilaritas Augusta.' This triumph of art, however, was not by Vasari, but by Giovan Agnolo de' Serri, a Giorgio conscientiously particularizes. It was gilt all over, and was, we are assured, highly extolled and admired. Those who wish to see some twenty pages of minute description of similar devices, with all the inscriptions on them, most of which are enough to make Falsehood herself bite off an hundred tongues, may find worthy Giorgio's letter printed at length in Northcote's 'Life of Titian.' Suffice the crowning boast, that the magnificence displayed extorted from phlegmatic Charles the exclamation, 'There is but one Florence!'"

Her marriage was now approaching. She gave a farewell banquet to the ladies of Florence, left that city for ever, and journeyed to Marseilles. The matters remaining for arrangement concerned her portion and *trousseau*,—the latter including "the largest and finest pearls that were ever seen," pearls that were afterwards worn by Mary Stuart,—and a superb array of embroidery, jewels, cloths, bed-curtains, velvet, cloth of gold and housings for horses. Great magnificence was displayed by the Pope upon his entry into Marseilles.—

"On stepping on shore he was met by all the ecclesiastics in procession, and having first adored the *Saint Sacrement*, he placed the host in a Tabernacle, and put that, according to the custom observed in all the long journeys of the Popes, (as has been well and worthily proved from the vast numbers of examples by an Augustin friar, named An-

gelus Roec Tagaste, in point;) on a two footed stand in his front walked prostrate the Pope; and, after each four pounds.

Next day and, on the with her lady attended "Cather-

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gelaus Rocca, Sacristan to the Pope, and Bishop of Tagane, in a book written by him expressly on that point; on a white horse superbly draped, and led by two footmen magnificently dressed, and holding each in his hand a rein of white silk; while in front walked one with a bell to warn the people to prostrate themselves in adoration of the Holy Sacrament; and the royal guards marched around the horse, each holding in his hand a flambeau weighing four pounds."

Next day the King entered in similar pomp, and, on the day following, the Queen,—who, with her ladies, occupied "six triumphal cars," attended "by thirty damsels on magnificently caparisoned horses." Lastly, came the bride.—

"Catherine, and twelve young ladies who accompanied her did not, like the ladies of the French court, do her processioning in a carriage, but on horseback, having six other led horses following her, all superbly covered with brocade 'extremely pious,' says Bouche; as, indeed, it might well have been, considering that all the funds supplied by the Florentines for restoring the defences of their city went in the paying for it. The heiress of the Medici, moreover, chose to show that she, too, had got a coach, though she did not occupy it; so her 'carriage of black velvet,' with two pages on the horses, followed her in the procession."

On the marriage day she was dressed

— "in white satin, with a royal mantle of gold, spangled with pearls and precious stones, who led her by the arm, she being covered with brocade, with a corsage of ermine, filled with pearls and diamonds."

And so, in her fifteenth year, Catherine de' Medici became the wife of Henry in his sixteenth year; and the Pope, whose family plans had triumphed, died a year afterwards upon "a desolate and abandoned death-bed," amid the half-suppressed curses of Rome. It was necessary to guard his sepulchre, and to engrave the inscription deep in the marble that it might not be effaced. And the heiress of the Medici, upon the throne of France, saw her kinsmen once more supreme in Florence, and lived, and ruled, and left an infamous name. Mr. Trollope regards her monstrous character as the natural result of the influences that had acted upon her youth. Whether the moral be accepted or not, the book will be read, and will charm its readers. It suggests some new readings of Italian history, and is, from first to last, the work of an intellectual and scholarly writer.

In Perils by mine own Countrymen. Three Years on the Kansas Border. By a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church. New York, Miller & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.

The writer of this rather strange "little book" dedicates his work "to Churchmen and to Statesmen, to be handled without gloves, as Churchmen and Statesmen handled the author." This shows something of the spirit in which the "Clergyman of the Episcopal Church" addresses himself to his task. He has made free with everybody, and he expects and allows everybody to make free with him. As far as we can comprehend his wild and rambling matter, the author seems to have been appointed to officiate on and within the Kansas border, where his opinions against slavery were already known. He vainly protested against being considered an Abolitionist; and quite as vainly did he claim the enjoyment of freedom of opinion in a land of liberty. He hoped for a bed of roses, and he found himself in a nest of hornets.

As the evidence of an eye-witness, albeit a very rough construer of other men's actions and motives, his book has a certain value. Amidst all its prejudices it is easy to trace the undoubted line of truth, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion at which the author himself, perhaps unconsciously, arrives, that the American Temple of Liberty is without a statue of the Goddess,

and that the very showy garlands on the shrine are only made up of fetters and cow-hides. If this be unpalatable to our cousins, they are requested to remember that it is an American Clergyman of the Episcopal Church who solemnly makes the deposition.

It was perhaps the *genius loci*, the spirit of the border, which inspired some of the exceedingly rough remarks which we occasionally meet in this volume. The first fellow-clergyman encountered by our author in his new district was "sound on the goose"—the Missourian vernacular for a man who considers slavery to be a very excellent thing for other people. The clergyman in question is thus sketched by his brother of Northern principles: "Parson Kerr took his drink, quoted texts in support of barbarism, read his doggerels burlesquing philanthropy, and printed speeches advising bloodshed." This was a "Parson" in the social hour. Here is the same individual in his public capacity, as connected with the doings and designs of the party who are resolved to extend slavery over the Union, or break up the Union itself.—

"What remained to be done but armed organization? And this was effected in all the counties of North-Western Mo., to my personal knowledge. Stronger language was never used in the days of the Revolution, by the orators, when they incited rebellion against an odious tyranny, distant nearly four thousand miles from our shores, than was used by the servants of this Republic, and residents of a foreign State, to incite its inhabitants to bloodshed, and to the butchery of those who disagreed with them on a question, which has been nothing but a subject of dispute since the colonization of our country! And if we add to all this, that one calling himself a minister of the Prince of Peace, and one employed by the Executive of the nation, and whose services in such work are paid by the hard earnings of our people, came forward, in person, by speech-making, by pamphlet-printing, by doggerel verse-writing, and by Scripture-quoting, and these passages of Scripture sent to that vile sheet, the *Platte Argus*, and there printed, with a challenge for refutation prefixed, why then bloodshed as advised by lawyers, became piety when advised by divines! There was indulgence in 'High Heaven' for such enormous iniquities! The Court of Papal Rome, in her worst days, has been outdone by our Government, and a greater than Tetzel will be found among United States Chaplains, even in the middle of the nineteenth century! I did wonder whether the 'Congressional Committee' would discover this pious person; I rejoice that they did. I hope that they had it proved, for it was very susceptible of proof, that this person printed a pamphlet in favour of Slavery, attended a meeting of the famous 'Self-Defensives,' at Platte City, and there delivered a doggerel verse poem burlesquing philanthropy, which was afterwards published in the *Platte Argus*, and the mildest term which I can give of the drift of all was, 'that the Free State settlers in Kansas Territory must be got rid of!' This pious soul is yet allowed to preach the Gospel, and to set a good example to the officers and soldiers at one of our military posts, in Kansas Territory, and to communicants of my own Church, who, if they had but said the word, might have enjoyed an occasional service from me, a minister whom they had every confidence in, until they learned I was not in favour of Slavery extension, and particularly opposed to the extension of that institution into Territory which had been consecrated to Freedom, and in which I had hoped to do much good. These are facts. A Vice-President preached a crusade for the recovery from Freedom of a Territory of immense extent, to be devoted, when wrested from the hands of lawful settlers, to Slavery for ever; and to the crusaders who should enrol themselves for this work a hope of gaining heaven was afforded, according to the construction of the act by common minds, and promise of Indulgence was given!"

If these matters gave our "Clergyman" much pain, there was compensation to be found in another quarter.—

"Several weddings, to which much *éclat* was attached, I had the honour of solemnizing. The bride, on one occasion, a pretty Miss of fifteen years, a day or two before her marriage, while passing the door of her lady friend, at whose house I was staying, said, 'Mrs. P., fetch along your little preacher, I am going to be married in style!' She was married in style; her father Elijah C., furnished the champagne without limit. The first volley of corks numbered the years of the bride. At this salute I retired, I hope, with honour!"

The slaves too were ambitious to be united by one on whose head had rested the hands of a diocesan. Indeed, a black pair having such ambition were the envy and delectation of their fellows. When a certain black Frank and Cicely were on the way to be thus wedded, the feelings of their sable neighbours who saw them pass were evidenced in the expression, "Goin' to be married in 'Piscopal Meetin'. There'll be no livin' with them, I reckon."

It may be added, that even non-Episcopal whites showed a preference for being married by a "regularly-ordained minister." We hear of one young lady, Rose Ward, who may be said to have carried off her suitor, and who selected the reverend author of this book to indissolubly unite the lively couple. After the Rose of the Border thus eloped with her chosen swain, her anxious mother found in the damsel's trunk at home "two bundles of cigars and forty-eight daguerreotypes, the likenesses of her rejected suitors"! Such is life on the border, where, says the author, "it was often my privilege, after a journey of thirty miles, to sweep out and dust the room in which service was to be held on the morrow, and to carry out the ashes and make the fire on the Sunday morning." Poor gentleman! his condition was as comfortable as his church; and if he did get into agreeable lodgings, he was sure to hear of a party of "sound-on-the-goose" people having called on his landlady, and significantly asked her if she was aware that she was harbouring an Abolitionist? And, indeed, things out of doors were as unsatisfactory as those in the house, or at church. If he went out in a buggy with a friend, it was only to discover that "the mud in the roads could be measured by the foot, and soundings had to be taken by us as we drove along." Altogether, the Border is a curious country,—where lawyers, for lack of practice, clap on an apron and "peddle beef,"—where missionaries to the Kickassos are scarcely able to read,—and doctors who drink hard and get up subscriptions for churches, pocket the proceeds, and leave the churchless ministers more disgusted than edified. Nor is hotel life much more refined than the above, as the following will show:—

"The Leavenworth House," at which I was stopping, was a house, to the extent of just having the 'balloon frame' up, and cotton-wood, clap-board-siding nailed theron. There was neither lath nor plastering thereon. We did not have to take a candle in the morning to look for daylight! Daylight sought us out through a thousand holes, in the morning! But, no anticipations. We are at supper—which was a good deal like other suppers, under like circumstances. In a few unimportant items, the supply exceeded the demand. Potatoes loom up, now, in the imagination of my reader; but he is mistaken—they were, at that time, three dollars per bushel. No; the items consisted of long strips of fat side pork, swimming in what they call, in New York, 'soap fat.' The items wherein the demand exceeded the supply, consisted of a little pickled cabbage, pickled cucumber, dried apple-sauce, and some biscuits, which the knowing ones were satisfied contained some flour in their composition. Every man, as he rushed to the table, laid one hand on the back of his chair, and with the other, stretched over and selected the morsel suited to his taste—'there is no accounting for tastes;' three actions were performed at the same moment of time—the chair

was seized, the man sat down in it, and the delicacy found itself grasped beyond hope of escape. It exploded the notion at once, that the mind cannot guide and direct several actions of the body at the same instant."

Such are the Border gentlemen at the same table. Here they are all in the same bed.—

"I was shown up to the bed—the bed was all before me where to choose! The room had not been partitioned off; nor had lath or plaster been used. The boards did not lay close enough together to betight. There was not a bedstead of any shape or kind in the room! We discovered blankets of every hue and texture, lying spread all over the floor—there were blue blankets and red blankets; grey blankets and dirty yellow blankets; these latter had once been white blankets; but now they bore the colour of the Missouri waters which were rolling past, a yellowish, muddy colour. I say the bed, therefore, lay all before me where to choose, with the exception of that part of the bed already occupied. I counted noses, and discovered that there were fifteen already in the bed! I wished to get as clean a blanket as possible, and I desired to be as far removed from the rest of my bed-fellows as I could. I saw a blue blanket lying close up in one of the corners of the bed, i.e., in the corner of the room; I hastened to it, as I heard the footsteps of more bed-fellows coming up-stairs—there were six in this last crowd—there were now twenty-two, including myself, in the bed—not all lain down, but all in the bed! I observed with satisfaction, that the last knot of bed-fellows did not show any disposition to crowd me. They laid off but one or two articles of their raiment, and each took their [sic] blanket and laid down, after having put their boots and coats where they intended to place their heads. If there were any prayers said by them, they were not repeated kneeling. In two or three of the acts of these gentlemen I imitated them; for instance, I merely laid aside my hat, took off my coat and boots, and put these under the place where I had selected to lay my head; I took the blanket and laid me down. Three more bed-fellows now came in—these made twenty-five. One remarked, it is going to be cold to-night; yes, they all agreed that it would be cold; the wind was changing to the North. I felt the wind coming in around me, and I at once perceived that I had made a mistake in my selection—an outside part of the bed, and that part of it which lay towards the North! I now perceived why I had the corner to myself, and my right there was none to dispute. It was quite late when the balance of the twenty-nine came in. I could not go to sleep on account of the cold. ** One of them came and took the candle or lamp in his hand, and then went back to where the rest stood. He whispered to them; there was a smothered chuckle. The fellow who had the lamp walked softly, but leisurely and apparently unconcernedly, from one part of the bed to the other. ** I blinked up just in time to see him removing as gently as possible the blanket from off a fellow who had evidently gone to dream-land! One of his companions now took his turn with the lamp, and was equally successful; and so of the rest. These took their places in the bed, with two blankets each, and I have no doubt were soon comfortably asleep. The poor fellows who were robbed of their blankets began to grow weary, and one by one they awoke, and behold their blankets were gone! The name of a certain spirit and his dwelling-place were muttered with evident displeasure by them. They took the lamp and went a filibustering! They made conquests, and returned evidently better pleased. Those whom they stripped awoke, and one of them made a terrible row. The whole bed was in a few minutes alive, a general reckoning had to be made. The four fellows who had each two blankets began to devise ways and means of getting rid of their extras, lest they should be called to account for that 'night's uproar.' An equal division was made, but all hands were now so chilled that sleep to the great majority was a thing impossible. A general conversation began and lasted till morning. There was a 'great cry, but little wool'!"

Some of these companions of the clergyman were "serious" enough, however, to go and

listen to their bedfellow in the pulpit next morning. After the sermon, says "the parson," "I heard Lucien J. Eastin and another gentleman talk in rather a mixed style. One said, 'Fine preacher'; the other replied, 'Yes, but not sound on the goose.'" They were not the pleasantest people to preach to or pray for. The clergyman found that the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men was under suspicion of containing "the germs of Abolition!"—and other clerical gentlemen, says the author, "as good and as true as myself," received the adornment of tar and feathers for preaching and praying unsoundly on the goose. Business men who would go twice to hear so unorthodox an instructor sometimes had their offices burnt over their heads; and when rival preachers were candidates for a vacant church, the one who went about professing to be desirous of purchasing a nigger was sure to carry the election.

From among men, the author occasionally went into the wilderness, where only the pioneer founders of cities had passed before him. On one of these occasions, he says,—

"I passed many foundations. Perhaps I had better explain. Four logs laid in a quadrangle constituted a pre-emption claim of a 'Squatter Sovereign.' This was an indication that a building was in the course of erection. A shingle would very generally be set with one end driven into the ground, and on the other would be found written the name of the architect, and the proprietor. If you loved peace, why then you would not think of squatting within half a mile of this foundation on either side; but if you should admire the taste of the absent architect, and fancy his location, why the first ox-team that you could hire you might bring and sprawl the four logs all over; and then draw four logs yourself, place them some little distance from the place where the others were laid, place the shingle as aforesaid, with your own name written thereon, as architect and proprietor, with the additional caution—'If I find any d—d rascal touching this foundation, I will cut his liver out!'"

Finally, at the end of three years, weary with political partizans and controversy, and affected in health by contentions and the climate, the clergyman was advised by his bishop to leave the territory. The reverend gentleman was not slow in following the episcopal advice. We may venture to add, that he obeyed it with the more alacrity after reading the following clear and agreeable paragraph in that very mild paper, the *Squatter Sovereign*, published at Atchison:—"There is a nest of traitors a few miles west of this place, who will find themselves hanging from the limbs of the trees which overhang the Stranger, if they do not keep quiet."

Hafiz: a Collection of Persian Poems—[Hafis, eine Sammlung, &c.]. By G. T. Daumer. Hamburg, Hoffmann & Campe; London, Trübner & Co.

Herr Daumer enjoys a prominent reputation among the somewhat free writers who usually figure in MM. Hoffmann & Campe's list. His theological heterodoxy has hitherto always been of the bold and unmistakeable kind, though it has varied in its modes of expression. After some early attacks on the religion acknowledged by the Western world, he published, in 1848, a collection of Oriental poems, entitled "Mohammed and his Work," with the obvious intention of impressing his countrymen with a profound respect for Islamism. This was followed, two years afterwards, by a collection of aphorisms, gathered from a variety of authors, and arranged so as to form a sort of naturalistic creed, under the head, "Religion of the New Age."

"Hafiz" is a book of the same tendency; and although the author professes a desire to make his readers familiar with Persian poetry, it is

fair to surmise that the diffusion of Oriental knowledge is with him only a secondary object. Indeed, though the name of the Eastern Acreon appears on the title-page, and his emblem forms the chief part of the Preface, there is nothing to indicate that a complete collection of his "ghazuls" is intended, or even that his works are the only source from which the "Persian poems" are derived. Hafiz is with Herr Daumer a sage by the side of whom Socrates is a mere "Philistine," and the lyrics headed with his name seem chosen with the design of inculcating that easy Epicurean which was first openly avowed by Young Germany about a quarter of a century since, and which caused in that generally irreverent clique a reverence for Goethe, notwithstanding political differences.

However, the tendency of the present work is not so directly expressed as to bring it within the limits of our *Index librorum prohibitorum*." If a page or two in which a recklessness of the Heine school is conspicuous were torn out of the volume, the reader, unacquainted with antecedents, might fancy that he was sauntering through a pleasant collection of Oriental trifles, with no more harm in them than belongs to the generality of songs in which love and wine are treated as correlative. Taking upon ourselves for awhile the mantle of voluntary ignorance as to aims and ends, we are bound to say, that the poems, as poems, are exceedingly well done, and that Herr Daumer may be congratulated on the discovery of a simple expedient for making the Ghazal measure appear natural to the Teutonic race. The Orientalisms of Rückert, marvellous works of metrical art as they are, evidently address themselves to a public of some degree of erudition; but Herr Daumer makes his ghazal look so exceedingly like an ordinary ballad, that the dullest of the German race may appreciate its rhythm. The method, it is true, simply consists in cutting one long line into two short ones. Nevertheless, let Columbus have all the glory of his egg.

In the following Address to a Nightingale who has committed involuntary suicide by falling on a thorn, we have endeavoured to reproduce Herr Daumer's method exactly, save that, as Britons, we claim the right of substituting single for double terminations.—

Happy, happy bird of soul,
Raise thy song of joy on high;
In the rose's dungeon soft
Thou at last art doom'd to lie.
Thou shalt never fall a prey
To the cruel hunter's snare,
Never be seiz'd in mord'rous claws
By the robbers of the sky.
True, the rose's poignant thorn
Deeply penetrates thy heart,
True, thou bleedest fast away,
And the hand of death is nigh;
Still, the death thou wilt endure
Is the fairest death of all;
By the noble Bulbul-code,
Thou wilt honourably die.

Now he who runs without reading will take the above for a common song, but he who reads as well as runs will observe that, although the second and fourth lines of the first verse rhyme together, this is not the case with the other verses. He who stops from running altogether, and looks at the matter somewhat closely, will further observe that there is a common rhyme to the concluding lines of all the verses. Thus he will have mastered the conditions of the Teutonized "ghazul," as founded by Herr Daumer, and may write lyrics à l'Oriental by the dozen, as a pleasant variation to the old-fashioned exercise of sonneteering.

Familiarized with the theory of Herr Daumer, our readers would, perhaps, like to hear a little more of him,—so we give them the warning of

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Hafiz to his beloved Selma, observing that, as there is no necessity for cutting the line, the Oriental mode is here adopted.—

My Selma, pray forbear,
Plait not that lovely hair,
A crowd of gentle souls
Have fix'd their dwelling there;
That one of them is mine
Thou art too well aware,
So let thy gentle hand
The tender victim spare.

Nor is it uninteresting to know what an effect this singing about lovely hair has on the surrounding atmosphere.—

Inhal'st thou not a rich perfume,
Unrival'd in the world's broad ring?
'Tis I who burthen all the air
With scent of musk and amber rare,
Because of Selma's locks I sing.

—Be it observed, we do not talk of the "world's broad ring" merely because it rhymes conveniently with "sing," but because it exactly corresponds to the "Weltenring" of Herr Daumer.

Here the love of the poet grows mystical:—

A little feeble lamp am I,
That glimmers in the dead of night;
But thou art morning's glorious light,
Fresh rising in the sky.
O, scatter round thy beams divine!
Though, when thy radiance is display'd,
The lamp's small flame more dim is made,
This loving heart is not afraid.
Shine! oh, shine!
Absorb'd into thy light, I'll gladly fade.

When discoursing of the English poets of the Cowley school, folks often speak of "frigid conceits," and thank their stars that the nineteenth century is well quit of them. The same folks not impossibly harbour strong notions about the "glowing East." But, after all, does not Oriental warmth look something like British coldness? Heat and cold are at best but indistinct terms. When a shipload of ice arrives at a tropical coast, Negroes complain that it *burns* their fingers.

Songs of Turkey, Arabia, Modern Greece, Gypsy-dom, &c., are added to the Persian lays, by way of Appendix, and some of them are more curious than the artificial productions glorified by the name of Hafiz. The Lettisch-Lithuanian songs, for instance, introduce us to an unbackneyed mythology. The sons of the chief deity fall in love with the daughters of the Sun,—take them out in sledding expeditions, and upset them in the snow,—whereupon, the mother of the young ladies (*N.B.* Sun is feminine and Moon is masculine, as with the Germans) gets very angry, withdraws her light, and dull weather is the lamentable consequence.

We will take a friendly leave of Herr Daumer, by quoting a pleasant Lithuanian song, accounting for the phenomenon called a "half-moon." It will be understood that Perkun, who makes such a formidable figure at the end of the tale, is the God of Thunder.—

The Sun and Moon were married,
Oh, what a wedding-day!
In pure delight was swimming
The happy bridegroom Moon.
The best of all examples
To earthly folks below,—
A matrimonial pattern
Was faultless husband Moon.

At home the Sun would tarry,
He stay'd at home as well;
Abroad the Sun would wander,
Beside her was the Moon.

The marriage-bond grew older,
The wedded pair grew colder;
And soon the Sun might travel,
And leave behind the Moon.

But when the Sun was resting,
Along a noiseless path,
To kiss the Star of Morning,
Would creep the faultless Moon.

Great Perkun was offended,
And with his mighty sword
He sever'd in two pieces
The face of wicked Moon.

Here is a subject for a "memoir" of the

Astronomical Society, or for the Introduction of a Christmas pantomime!

The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. With Memoir, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. 2 vols. Edinburgh, James Nichol.

WHEN, by the laudation of the Critics, as set forth in advertisements, our attention was especially directed to the series of our Poets now publishing at Edinburgh, we thought it our duty to look carefully over the work, and we gave the results in a notice of the edition of Collins [*ante*, p. 8].

This edition of Pope is of like character—good paper, fair typography; two handsome volumes—and there an end of commendation. On 'The Dissertation' we shall not hazard an opinion: it may be a flight beyond us—"caviare to the general"; but the 'Memoir and Notes' come within the range even of "the general." Here there can be no differences of opinion; because the questions are not matters of opinion, but of fact.

Mr. Gilfillan has a high respect for Mr. Carruthers, and Mr. Carruthers has told us [*ante*, p. 839] that "it is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that more authentic information, regarding the literary and personal history of Pope, has transpired within the last three or four years, than had accumulated during the previous century." Of this accumulation not a whisper has reached Mr. Gilfillan. In his Memoir, published be it remembered in 1856, we have the old story over again,—down even to the father with his strong box, in which he stowed away his money, and lived on the principal. There, too, incredible as it may appear, Pope leaves Binfield in 1715, and retires to Twickenham "along with his parents," in defiance of facts and parish registers, which prove that they retired to Chiswick, where his father died, and was buried on the 26th of October, 1717. There, too, 'The Rape of the Lock' introduces us, once again, to the venerable "secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James the Second, whose fortunes he followed into France,"—followed into France, as our readers know, the very year that Pope was born; who never again set foot in England; who was outlawed in 1695; and with whom, therefore, it would have been treason even to hold a correspondence. With Mr. Gilfillan, 'The Fourth Pastoral' was "produced on occasion of the death of a Mrs. Tempest—a favourite of Mr. Walsh, the poet's friend;" in contradiction to Walsh's own letter, published with Pope's letters for more than a century, wherein Walsh says, "Your last Eclogue being upon the same subject as that of *mine on Mrs. Tempest's* death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady"; and accordingly Pope, on publication, prefixed 'To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest'—a lady who, it is reasonably certain, Pope had never seen, and who died long before the Pastoral was written.

Of course, with Mr. Gilfillan 'The Unfortunate Lady' is still "said to have been a Mrs. Wainsbury"; the quarrel with Wycherley is explained by calling the author of 'The Plain Dealer,' which Dryden said was the finest satire ever presented on the English stage, "old, stupid, and excessively vain"; and, following the arithmetical fancies of Roscoe—copied, however, second-hand from Carruthers, with some original blundering—we are there told that Pope became acquainted with Michael Blount, of "Maple, Durham, near Reading," in 1707; whereas both Roscoe and Carruthers use the figures to prove that Pope in that year became acquainted with the Misses Blount. Blount, of

Mapledurham, in 1707, was Lister Blount, the father of those ladies. As to Michael, their brother, he was at that time a schoolboy. It is a fact, however, that would have been significant to Bowles, had it not fortunately escaped his observation, that Pope, though so intimate with the mother and daughters, had very little, if any, acquaintance with Michael Blount. The truth, we suspect to have been, that Michael Blount was not a man of very refined tastes or habits. There is a touching letter from Teresa to her nephew on Michael Blount's death; but no account of him is given by the biographers,—not one single letter published that passed between him and Pope. We hear little of him, and that little is not creditable. In 1725-26, years after he had been married and had a family, he was engaged in a disgraceful night-brawl, in which a Mr. Gower lost his life, and for which Major Oneby was sentenced to death, and would have been executed but that he destroyed himself the night before the appointed day. The parties had been to the theatre—thence to Will's Coffee-house—then to the Castle Tavern in Drury Lane, where they remained, drinking and gambling, with a pepper-box instead of a dice-box, until two or three in the morning, when Gower was killed and Blount very seriously wounded.

We submit that there ought to be no more repetition of the idle reports, suspicions, and questionings of the hour, unless some proof can be offered of their truth,—for, no matter how delicately recorded and tenderly discussed by the biographers, they are sure to receive from the hurried and uninformed public a hard and positive construction. Thus, the absurd story, for which there is not even a shadow of authority, that Pope took a bribe of 1,000/- to suppress the character of Atossa becomes under the manipulation of Mr. Gilfillan something like a fact. Thus he writes:—

"It is said—we fear too truly—that these lines being shown to her Grace [of Marlborough] * * she recognized in them her own likeness, and bribed Pope with a thousand pounds to suppress it. He did so religiously—as long as she was alive—and then published it!"

When the character of Atossa was first published was not likely to be known to Mr. Gilfillan. The answer to his statement is,—the Duchess outlived Pope.

Such stories ought not even to be put on record without a deliberate marshalling of authorities, and then no biographer of common sense would march through Coventry with one half of these old libels. So of that older libel, that Pope satirized the Duke of Chandos, "a man who had befriended him and lent him money." Pope, says Mr. Gilfillan, denied the charge; which is true; and as neither the Duke nor any other man ever offered to prove it, the malicious untruth ought to have been dropped a century since. But Pope not only denied the charge of borrowing, but of befriending; he distinctly stated that he had never seen the Duke but twice, and had never received any present, further than the subscription for Homer, from him or from any great man whatever. This indignant denial was natural, but not required. A charge of borrowing money from the Duke or from any man—like the charge of taking a bribe from the Duchess—was a mere absurdity to all to whom Pope, his fortunes, and his character were known. Pope was a lender, not a borrower. A giver and not a receiver. A free giver, too, though somewhat over-careful in small personal matters—"paper-sparing," as Swift described him. Mr. Gilfillan, however, notwithstanding Pope's denial, has some doubts on the subject, which we recommend to the courteous consideration of literary men.—

"Pope denied the charge, although it is very possible, both from his own temperament, and from the frequent occurrence of similar cases of baseness in literary life, that it may have been true."

The unhesitating manner with which Mr. Gilfillan pronounces judgment on questions of extremest doubt and delicacy—where the well-informed whisper with bated breath—will be duly admired. For Pope's errors or his vices, when proved, let Pope be condemned; and he had enough to keep the dullest of mortals in countenance. Of all the current and contemporary slander which cannot be proved, let him be acquitted. Why are we to go on eternally weighing and balancing? If those whom his genius and his satire had made his enemies could not substantiate their own charges, why are they now to be doubtfully discussed? Take, in illustration, the attachment between Pope and Martha Blount. Mr. Gilfillan thus settles this "delicate question" after his own off-hand fashion.—

"Bowles [he tells us] has strongly and plausibly urged that it was not of the purest or most creditable order. Others have contended that it did not go further than the manners of the age sanctioned; and they say, 'a much greater licence in conversation and in epistolary correspondence was permitted between the sexes than in our decorous age!' We are not careful to try and settle such a delicate question, —only we are inclined to suspect, that when common decency quits the words of male and female parties in their mutual communications, it is a very simple charity that can suppose it to adhere to their actions."

Mr. Gilfillan evidently rejoices that he has no "simple charity" to mislead his judgment; he tries all things and all men by one standard—himself, the illustration of the nineteenth century. Under his general law all are condemned from Chaucer to Shakespeare, including the Fathers of our Church and the translators of our Bible. That we do Mr. Gilfillan no injustice may be made apparent in a sentence, where, after recording the death of Pope, he thus continues:—

"His favourite, Martha Blount, behaved, according to some accounts, with disgusting unconcern on the occasion. So true it is, 'there is no friendship among the wicked'."

This is very base; and yet, as the reader will observe, it rests on "some accounts" circulated by somebody whom Mr. Gilfillan neither knows, nor concerns himself to know; and this of a woman who lived honoured by the friendship of the virtuous and the good of all classes, represented by Lord Lyttelton, Judge Fortescue, the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Gerard, Lady Cobham, the brilliant daughter of Arbuthnot, and a dozen others who might be named. Even Warburton, much as he disliked and much as he misrepresented her, declared through his mouth-piece, Ruffhead, that her connexion with Pope was pure and innocent. The somebody, however, of Mr. Gilfillan was no doubt Bowles, whose "strong and plausible" was founded on an absurd mistake. "Whatever there might be of *criminality in the connexion*," he observes, "it did not take place till the 'hey-day' of youth was over,—that is, *after the death of her brother* (1726),—when he was thirty-eight, and she thirty-six." It was the death of the brother, it appears, which released them from all moral restraint: up to that time Bowles himself admits there had been no criminality. The answer is as conclusive against Bowles as other answers of fact have been to Mr. Gilfillan. The brother was living for years after 1726,—he did not die till 1739. Mr. Bowles found all the temptations to this immorality in his own blundering,—in having mistaken Blount of Devonshire for Blount of Mapledurham!

We take leave of Mr. Gilfillan; but the character of his Memoir suggests to us the necessity there is for a reconsideration of all that has hitherto been received without question—as to the early acquaintance and intercourse between Pope and the Misses Blount. Mr. Carruthers is, we believe, the only living literary man who has had access to the Mapledurham MSS., and he acknowledges himself to be largely indebted to the present representative of the family for information. All, therefore, that Mr. Carruthers says is spoken seemingly with authority; what he repeats from others is seemingly confirmed, and even his silence becomes significant. Under these circumstances, it is hazardous to question anything he has stated relating to the Blounts; yet we feel that there is a great deal of assumption even in his narrative—that he falls too easily into the humour of his predecessors—and talks too confidently about Pope dallying with the sisters, of the supremacy and then the depositing of Teresa. It appears to us that if ever Teresa was installed, she was certainly deposed before the letter was written to her [Carr. i. 49], during Martha's illness. In that earnest letter there is not a trace of flirtation or flattery. He speaks of Martha as one to whom he was sincerely attached—as brother to sister; not a word passes the bounds of virtuous friendship. But tender and affectionate as that letter is, the tenderness is for Martha, the compliments to Teresa.

To admit, then, of the dallying, the supremacy, and the deposing, there must have been a long intimacy before that letter was written—before 1714 or 1715. So there was, says Mr. Carruthers: it began in 1707. This, however, is not said on Mapledurham authority, but on that of Roscoe, who arrives at the conclusion after a somewhat curious method. Pope, in a published letter dated "Bath, 1714"—Mr. Carruthers, who appears to have seen the original, does not say that it is so dated, and we doubt—thus writes:—

"Bath, 1714.

"You are to understand, Madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred and sixty sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Sylvia [Martha in the original]. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred and eighty ninth week of the reign of your most serene Majesty, in whose service I was listed some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be Queen-Regent at that time."

Mr. Carruthers, assuming the date to be correct, follows the example of Roscoe, tests the fancy of the Poet by the touchstone of arithmetic, and thus proves that the intimacy began in 1707. If it be right to interpret after this literal fashion, when, we would ask, was Pope out of his "infancy"? Does a man of twenty-six write of himself seven years before as in his infancy? Infancy at nineteen! We suspect that this playful nonsense is not to be tried by mechanic rules; and if there be other circumstances in Mr. Carruthers' volumes that tend to strengthen his conclusion they have escaped our observation. Indeed, in our view, Mr. Carruthers contradicts himself. Thus, in respect to the quarrel between J. Moore, afterwards J. M. Smythe, he tells that "throughout the year 1713" Moore wrote sentimental fopperies to these ladies, but "his influence was dispersed by the real Alexis, who, notwithstanding the defects of his personal appearance, soon rose into favour." Is not the plain meaning of this, that in 1713 Smythe and Pope ran a race for the good opinion of these ladies, that Smythe had the advantage

in the start, but that Pope "soon" passed him and won the race? If so, we have not a word to object; it agrees substantially with our theory and Martha Blount's statement. But what becomes of Pope's intimacy with these ladies in and from 1707? The facts, as they appear to us, are clear enough.

As Catholics, residing within half-a-dozen miles of each other, it is probable that the Popes had, from the time of their residence at Binfield, some general knowledge of, or acquaintance with, the Englefields of Whiteknights, and through the Englefields with their relations the Blounts, who resided a few miles further distant. A formal knowledge, however, of the Blounts, father and mother, does not, under circumstances, necessarily imply a knowledge of Teresa and Martha Blount. These ladies, we are told by Mr. Carruthers, were educated at Hammersmith, and were then, according to the usage of that time amongst Catholic families, sent to Paris, where they remained long enough to acquire "a certain polish and vivacity" peculiar to French manners. Considering the difference in their age—Mr. Bowles says three and Mr. Carruthers two years—if they returned together we should say, as a mere speculative opinion, that they were recalled by the illness or death of their father in 1710. Martha Blount, when questioned after Pope's death, said that it was at the house of her grandfather Englefield that she used first to see Mr. Pope. "I was then," she said, "a very little girl. * * * It was after his 'Essay on Criticism' was published." Martha Blount was not speaking "by the card," neither did Spence record by the letter; indeed, in the very next page she is reported to have said "my first acquaintance with him was after he had begun the Iliad,"—the prospectus for which was issued in 1713.

It seems to us very natural that a woman, then probably between fifty and sixty, should speak of herself when under twenty, just returned from a convent, and first entering society, as, at that time, "a young thing—incapable of appreciating such a man or his works—a childish little thing"; and this with reference not so much to her years as her inexperience. Mr. Carruthers, however, putting entire faith in his reduction of fancy to fact, sees in Martha's statement "an amusing touch of feminine weakness and vanity," and assumes that she "post-dates the acquaintance several years." Now, we believe Martha's statement to be substantially correct. After her return from Paris, she met Pope occasionally, and as a chance visitor at her grandfather's, and there she first learned to appreciate him. This opinion is strengthened by the fact, that, though Mr. Carruthers has hunted over the Mapledurham MSS., as Mr. Chalmers had done before him, the first of Pope's letters which they have been enabled to produce is dated the 25th of May, 1712—is addressed to Martha—begins "Madam," and accompanied a presentation copy of Linton's *Miscellany*, which contained the first sketch of 'The Rape of the Lock.' There is, indeed, another letter, placed by Mr. Carruthers "among the earliest," which commences "Dear Madam." This latter is dated "Chiswick, Tuesday, December 31st," and Mr. Carruthers has added, between brackets, [1712]—an obvious mistake; 1712 was leap-year, and the 31st of December fell on Wednesday, and not on Tuesday. The true date is 1717.

Again, Pope at that time refers, in his published letters, more than once to Whiteknights and the Englefields: both Cromwell and Wycherley appear to have known the family and visited at the house. Pope writes to Cromwell, "Mr. Englefield always inquires of you, and drinks yours and Mr. Wycherley's health with

true country affection." Yet, in no one of his letters to either is there a mention of the Blounts or of Mapledurham, unless, indeed, we are to consider as special some vague words about two pair of radiant eyes, and his exclamation "what have I to do with Jane Grey as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world?"—and even so, the date 21st December, 1711, would help to bear out our conjecture and Martha's statement.

Thus far our inferences rest on known and published letters; but we may add, that our private authorities agree with them. The Blounts, Englefields, and Carylls were all related and in the closest intimacy. Martha Blount was the god-daughter of the Carylls. Pope was acquainted with the Englefields and Carylls as early, at least, as 1709—he resided in the immediate neighbourhood of the one and was in constant correspondence with the other: what then so certain as that Pope's letters to Caryll would be full of information about his friends and relations—about his god-daughter or her family, if Pope had met her, even casually, at Whiteknights?—yet neither her name, nor the name of her family, once occurs until July, 1711,—and then the notice is merely incidental—Pope is glad that some venison intended for him has fallen into so good hands as "Mrs. Englefield and Mrs. Blount," a fact of which he had been informed by his correspondent. Whole letters are filled with talk about the Englefields, but there is not one mention of the Blounts from which we could infer intimacy or personal acquaintance until the "15th of December," 1713, as we believe. Then he wrote, I came by Reading that I might have an opportunity of seeing "my old acquaintance at the place above mentioned and at Whiteknights," and Reading may stand for Mapledurham. Afterwards, it is probable that Pope was attracted in that direction a little more frequently by the French "polish and vivacity" of the young ladies,—and then, according to Pope's nature, he became deeply interested, not in Teresa or Martha, but in the mother and daughters—"the widow and the fatherless," as he calls them—when they were under the necessity, on Michael Blount's contemplated marriage, of leaving Mapledurham, and living as best they might on a small fortune.

These opinions run counter to received authorities, contradict dates and facts in the published correspondence; but Mr. Carruthers is a man of good sense, who desires to get at the truth if possible, and will do his best to test and try them and determine what they are worth.

Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa from 1792 to 1832—[Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, &c.]

Printed from the Original Manuscript. Vol. I. Paris, Perrinot.

THE Duke of Ragusa began the composition of these Memoirs in 1828, and wrote a continuous narrative which, with the correspondence interspersed, will occupy eight octavo volumes. It was obviously his intention to place on record a series of deliberate views, in connexion with the history of France under the Empire and the Restoration, and especially in connexion with the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The "devoted hands" to which, before his death, he consigned the manuscript were charged "to publish it without making the slightest alteration, even under pretence of improving the style, and without suffering any additions, abridgments, or suppressions of the text." These instructions, the anonymous editor assures us, have been fulfilled with literal precision. The Memoirs are published exactly as they were dictated. We are, therefore, in possession of the Marshal's sentiments, expressed in the form elected by himself. Whatever reserve may be

remarked in the Memoirs is his own; whatever is freely stated was written for publicity. In fact, the editor's responsibility is limited by the sense of the note dated from Venice, in November, 1851, which enjoined him to assume to himself no discretion whatever in the publication of the manuscript. "I intend," said the Duke, "to write of that which I have done, of that which I have seen, and of that I have been in a position to understand better than others; and I shall not trespass beyond the limits indicated by my reason and my feelings."

The first volume contains three "books," relating to the writer's lineage and early life, the youthful career of Bonaparte, the siege of Toulon, the Reign of Terror, the Italian campaign, resulting in the peace of Campo-Formio; Napoleon's initiatory political movements in France, and the Egyptian expedition—military subjects, of course, predominating. It is important to study the opinions of Napoleon's comrade, counsellor and friend, the Marshal, who understood his character, and who foresaw, or affects to have foreseen, that, after Lodi and Arcola, the young general would not long be content to act as a subordinate of the Directory.

The Duke of Ragusa, whose more familiar and more illustrious appellation, Marshal Marmont, will always be revived in the story of the Napoleonic Campaigns, is careful to begin, after a lofty protestation of his patriotism and integrity, with a recapitulation of the family annals. "My name," he says, "is Viesse. My family is ancient and honourable." It was Low Country by origin, but became Burgundian by three centuries of settlement. From immemorial time it had been devoted to the military profession. There were Viesses in the armies of Louis the Twelfth, and of the Great Condé; a Viesse was among the heroes of Fribourg. The father of the Marshal won and wore, at eighteen years of age, the chivalrous Cross of St.-Louis. This glorious genealogy, of course, inspired with military predilections the youth who was born at Chatillon-sur-Seine in July, 1774. The elder Viesse, in the laurel shade of a cynical retirement, undertook the intellectual culture of his son. "From the day of my birth to my fifteenth year, my father did not lose sight of me for a single day." The course of education adopted at Chatillon had two objects—to give the boy a good constitution, and to render him ambitious. The plan succeeded, and the vigorous son of soldiers was tempted towards a military life—a temptation which his father at first resisted. In his fifteenth year, however, he wore epaulettes and a sword, and while at the Abbé Rousselot's school at Dijon, first saw the young artillery officer, Bonaparte. It became at once his desire to enter the same regiment; but an examination was necessary, and the ordeal took place at Châlons.—

The celebrated Laplace, then examiner in the Artillery School, was a man of the most serious appearance: his sad and severe face, his black dress, his fringed ruffles, the shade over his eyes—rendered necessary by the state of his sight—gave him a very imposing air. If we add the importance and solemnity of the occasion to the reflections natural to the candidate as to the consequences of success or failure, it may be imagined with what anxiety, disquietude and sinking of the heart we approached the Examiner's table. I experienced those sensations to a degree quite extraordinary, even so much so as to suspend the activity of my mind; it was the first time in my life that I had been agitated by the consciousness of an all-important interest at stake. In the course of my career I have undergone many trials, but my faculties have never deserted me; on the contrary, they have generally been quickened in proportion to the danger or the importance of the occasion; but in this instance it was otherwise: my brain wandered, and I could not tell M. Laplace what my name was when he asked me!

However, Laplace soothed down this emotion, and the candidate, in his eighteenth year, became a sub-lieutenant of artillery. His first victory, as here recorded, seems to have been over the wife of an absent artillery captain. His first defeat was at the gambling tables of Montmedy, where he lost all he possessed, and more, at play. While in garrison there he heard of "the murder of the king," and next year, 1793, before Toulon, saw Bonaparte for the second time. After the capture of the place, and during the massacres that ensued—

Bonaparte, already powerful, exerted his influence successfully on several occasions to obtain the pardon of the unhappy creatures who came with their petitions to me.

Here is a curious anecdote of the confusion that follows a victory:—

On the day after our entry, the servant of an officer of engineers attached to the besieging army had foolishly followed a party of unfortunate, marching to execution, with the intention of witnessing the horrible spectacle. Suddenly one of the soldiers of the escort saw him, and fancying he was one of the prisoners endeavouring to escape, seized and compelled him, in spite of his shrieks and protestations, to join the group of the condemned. A few minutes later and he would have perished, had not one of his master's friends, attracted by a similar curiosity, recognized and reclaimed him.

Bonaparte was now general of a brigade, and second in command of the Italian artillery. Then came the fall of Robespierre, the accusation and arrest of the young Corsican commander, "eight or ten days of anguish," an acquittal, and the utterance by Bonaparte to Marmont of his opinion concerning the astonishing intelligence from Paris.—

He considered the fall of Robespierre at that moment a public misfortune, not because he was a partisan of his system, but because he thought the time inopportune for change.

He said to Marmont:—

If Robespierre had remained in power, he would have modified his policy, re-established order, and governed by law; we should have attained that result without convulsion, because it would have been brought about by power; they think they will bring it about by revolution, and that revolution will only lead to others.

Without attempting to trace the course of these remarkable Memoirs through the series of consecutive events that preceded the Egyptian Expedition,—though in all parts they bring a vivid light to the aid of the historical inquirer—we will note some of the more conspicuous of the Marshal's observations. He professes an unmitigated contempt for the *bourgeoisie* of Paris. They are always convinced of their own heroism, he says, when there is nothing to fear—an expression introductory to his account of Bonaparte's appointment as Commander-in-chief, in the interior, and of his own appointment as Bonaparte's aide-de-camp. Hastening from the Rhine to Paris he found him exhibiting "extraordinary à plomb, an air of grandeur altogether new to me, and a perpetually increasing consciousness of his own importance."

They both frequented the *soirées* of Barras and Madame Tallien, the queen of the Director's little Court.—

All that the imagination can conceive, scarcely approach the reality of her loveliness; young, beautiful as the antique ideal, dressed with admirable taste, her demeanor was marked at once by grace and dignity.

Bonaparte, enamoured of Madame Beauharnais—a passion to which Marmont alludes with some contempt—lost no opportunity of making himself agreeable to the general body of the Directory, and to Barras in particular. But the great Italian campaign was in preparation, and he and his aide-de-camp were parted from this fascinating society. "There was in the 21st

regiment of Chasseurs," says Marmont in his familiar way, "an officer whom we rather liked—Junot and I—his name was Murat." He accompanied the expedition. So closes the first book of the Memoirs.

The second brings Massena, Augereau, Sérurier, Leharpe, Steiglitz, into view, and tells the story of Montenotte, of Lodi, of Arcola, of Saint George's, of Ancona, of Junot's mission, of the French entry into Vénice, and the creation of the Transpadane Republic. The conflict of Lodi is described in an animated picture-like style; but the Marshal is somewhat diffuse, and adds little to the known history of that splendid day. The whole of the military criticism, however, is replete with interest, and deserves to be read with close attention.

Commissioned by Bonaparte to deliver his congratulations to the Pope, Marmont arrived in that capital at the beginning of 1798, and was immeasurably gratified by his reception. "Rome," he says, "is the city of historic memories, the European city, the city of toleration and liberty, the city of arts and pleasures." The Pope impressed him strongly; the general state of society was delightful, and Marmont—as profound an egotist in his way as Napoleon himself—was "very well treated by *la belle société*." In return for which he scandalizes the Roman ladies without compunction.

After his glorious Italian campaign, Bonaparte, re-called by the Directory to Paris, went thither, and took up his lodgings in the little house, situated in the Rue Chantereine, which had been inhabited by his wife before her marriage. Receiving a national ovation, he nevertheless, says the Memoirs, "affected the utmost simplicity, and avoided the applause of the populace; and this feigned modesty—for modesty formed no part of his high character—was well planned, for it added immensely to his popularity. Two circumstances, apparently of slight importance, delighted him. By a civic decree the Rue Chantereine, in which he lived, was ordered to be called the Rue de la Victoire; this he learned one evening as he was returning home, and saw the workmen employed in altering the name. He was also nominated to the first class of the Institute in the mathematical section. This title he accepted eagerly, and, placed at the head of his betters, it was a means of influencing public opinion." The war then raging with Great Britain attracted all eyes to the white coasts of that detested kingdom. The word Invasion had been uttered. Bonaparte was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army of England; and desiring to measure our resources of defence, he proposed that Marmont should play the noble part of spy. M. Gallois, a gentleman much esteemed in France, was about to proceed to London to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, and Marmont was present at the conclusion of a conference of four persons on the subject.—

"Marmont," said Napoleon, "M. Gallois is going to England to negotiate an exchange of prisoners; you will accompany him; you will leave your uniform behind; you will pass as his Secretary; and you will procure such and such information, make such and such remarks." And he gave me my instructions in detail. I listened without interrupting him, but when he had finished, replied "I declare, General, I cannot go." "How! you cannot go?" said he—"No, my General," I continued, "you offer me the employment of a spy, which it is neither my duty nor my disposition to accept." "My life, as a soldier, belongs to you, but it is only as a soldier that I will lose it. Send me with five hundred hussars to attack a fortress, certain of defeat, and I will go without murmuring, because it is partly my profession, but that is not the case now." He was cast down by my reply, and dis-

missed me, saying, "I will find other officers more zealous and more docile." But this collision with a man so powerful, this firm reply in opposition to his wishes, made a great impression on M. de Talleyrand, who did not know me then; but who has since spoken to me frequently on the subject. When MM. de Talleyrand and Gallois had taken leave, the General recalled me, and said, "Had you reflected when you answered me in that manner?"—"My General," I replied, "I know how my observations affected you, I understand how inconvenient they must have been; but permit me to say, you yourself had rendered them unavoidable; you had not hesitated to make to me, before them, an offensive proposition, and I could not meet the proposal otherwise than by rejecting it, before them, in terms of indignation. If you had mentioned the idea when we were alone, I should have discussed it with you in a manner consistent with the respect and the affection I entertain for you." He understood me, but treated me for some time with considerable coolness.

This account of his private relations with Bonaparte is followed by a private revelation of another kind. The Duke of Ragusa is here exceedingly communicative.—

I conceived a project, the success of which was the misfortune of my life. Some of my friends had a great idea of marrying me. They proposed for my acceptance Mlle. Perregaux, daughter of the banker of that name, and reputed heiress to a considerable fortune. The family was honourable, and Mlle. Perregaux was agreeable and pretty. She found me to her taste, and in two months all was arranged and accomplished. * * But, in marrying, I entailed upon myself a thousand ills. I was not yet twenty-four years of age, and I was about to pass the greater part of my life in wandering through the world. At twenty-four a young man is not sufficiently matured to know the value of domestic happiness. His passions are too fierce. * * On the other hand, a prolonged separation, giving a young woman the habit of independence, as well as a taste for it, induces her to consider as insupportable the yoke of a husband's authority whenever he happens to return, though while he is absent she is left without protection. I shall say little of this unhappy union,—as little, indeed, as possible, though it had a great influence on my after life, though it has frequently been to me an aggravation of my difficulties, my cares, my griefs, my embarrassments. Never did it bring me joy, support, or consolation; it has always crossed and shadowed my destiny. Mlle. de Perregaux, with great inequalities of character, had all the faults of a spoilt child. She was not incapable of good impulse, but a disposition exceedingly egotistic and violent invariably neutralized them. Ultimately her flatterers ruined her, and since then the injuries she has inflicted on me have been without measure and of every kind.

The art of Memoir-writing is applied, in these passages, to an original use. Perhaps Mlle. de Perregaux might have had something to recompense upon Marshal Marmont. Perhaps, also, that vindictive old soldier had this episode in view when he dreaded the mutilation of his Memoirs. Sedulous as he is to impress upon the reader's mind that no one ever served France with more purity of heart than the Duke of Ragusa, it is to be deplored that he adulterated the narrative of his public career with topics of family scandal and utterances of private spleen. The Memoirs, doubtless, will prove a notable addition to the literature of the Bonaparte period; but though they are interesting as presenting the personal views of a distinguished actor in the scenes of that great epoch, they are less strictly original than might have been expected, and so far contain little in the nature of disclosures.

Life in Ancient India. By Mrs. Speir. Smith, Elder & Co.

ACCEPTING the common theory of the dispersion of the human race and colonization of the earth from Mesopotamia, we should suppose *a priori* that Persia, Syria, Armenia, Arabia and Egypt,

would be peopled before India. Old records confirm this, and add China to the list of earliest populated countries;—a fact which it does not seem easy to reconcile with the theory above mentioned. Without pausing, however, over this difficulty, it may be admitted that in each of the said countries—in Egypt, for example,—the dawning of civilization preceded those in India by at least six centuries. It is now generally assumed that the Vaidik Hymns were collected in their present form about 1400 B.C. Internal evidence shows that the Aryan nations were then locating themselves on the Indus,—that the scattered tribes who had preceded them in colonizing India were absolute savages, and that they themselves were a semi-barbarous horde. The date therefore comparatively assigned to the Laws of Manu—viz., 800 B.C.—ought, probably, to be brought down a century or two nearer to the Christian era; for it can hardly be supposed that the changes indicated in that book in the social and religious character of the Aryan nation from the time of the Vedas, and the advance of the Aryans through vast regions clothed with almost impenetrable forests, could have taken place in a less period. Be that however as it may, it is at least sufficiently evident that for the Aryan conquest, and for what should be therefore the historical period of India, we have not to go back to those distant ages from which the authentic records of the Assyrians, Hebrews and Egyptians date. Yet there is no civilized nation in the world whose early annals have been shrouded in more impenetrable gloom than those of the Hindús. To use the words of an eminent writer—"The fragments which remain of the records of their transactions are so mixed with fable, and distorted by a fictitious and extravagant system of chronology, as to render it hopeless to deduce from them any continued thread of authentic narrative."

Yet the labour and ingenuity exercised of late in solving the problem of Hindú archæology have been in proportion to its difficulty. As in geological researches the various strata and their comparative antiquity are traced with unerring certainty, so philology has mapped out the progress of Aryan conquest in Hindustan; ascertained the course of the invasion by the north-west, and shown a section of aboriginal inhabitants with cognate dialects underlying the Aryan race from the country of the Brahmins to Cape Comorin. Coins and rock-cut inscriptions, though in an obsolete character and language, have been made to give up their secrets; and these facts thus rescued from oblivion have been skilfully interwoven with the accounts of the religion, philosophy, and manners of the ancient Hindús, contained in their great epic poems, their dramas, and their Puránas, so as to form a picture tolerably complete. The Journals of the various Asiatic Societies contain a vast collection of interesting papers illustrative of Indian archæology, and the skilful labourers in this mine of knowledge have been very numerous.

Among them two illustrious scholars have been pre-eminent. It is said that the separate papers of the one who still lives would, if collected, extend to six thousand octavo pages. The other, James Prinsep, was cut off in mid-career, in the springtime of usefulness, but not before he had unlocked the mysteries of the inscriptions at Sanchi, Girnar Ruttack, and on the columns of Allahabad and Delhi, and furnished a key to all future explorers of similar difficulties. To collect and condense the information thus supplied by Wilson, Prinsep, and others, was a work indispensable for the further prosecution of Oriental studies, in order to avoid the prodigious waste of time in searching

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for articles through the endless volumes of the different Societies. This task has been performed, with the addition of much original matter, by Prof. Lassen, in his 'Indische Alterthumskunde,' a work of which it is impossible to speak too highly. Of the industry and exactitude with which it has been compiled some idea may be formed from the circumstance, that the author carefully perused, as a preliminary measure, the two gigantic epics of the Hindûs, the Râmâyana and Mahâbhârata, the latter alone containing upwards of 200,000 verses. But the completeness of Prof. Lassen's work is itself a cause of its being unsuited to the general reader.

Mrs. Speir, therefore, has done well in furnishing a brief, but careful and exact outline of the results obtained by the explorers of Hindu archæology. Her work, after a short introduction, is divided into three chapters. In the 1st, she treats of India before the invasion of Alexander; in the 2nd, of India subsequent to that invasion, with especial reference to Buddhism; and in the 3rd, of India after the fall and extinction of Buddhism. In each chapter she illustrates her narrative by extracts from contemporaneous literature. Thus, in the 1st chapter, the Vedas, the Code of Manu and the great epic poems are the directing lights; in the 2nd, Buddhist literature and the inscriptions deciphered by Prinsep are referred to; and in the 3rd, the Dramas and Purânas are the principal guides. Throughout, it is evident, that the authoress has had the advantage of being assisted by the eminent scholar to whom she inscribes her book, Prof. Wilson. We shall now extract, as a specimen of her style, a passage conveying some information on practical matters likely to be interesting in this utilitarian age.

"For the antiquity of weaving we have evidence in the Rig-Veda, where we read of the rat gnawing the 'weaver's threads'; and again in the Code, where the weaver is required to return in the woven fabric a greater weight than he received in the raw cotton; the reason being that he is obliged to keep his threads immersed in rice-water, which necessarily increases their weight. Moist air facilitates weaving, and is indispensable for the finest qualities; it is on this account that Masulipatam and Dhaca maintained their pre-eminence, and could only be rivalled in the dry north-west by the contrivance of underground workshops. The strange appearance of an Indian spinning-wheel, made of richly carved wood and bound round by unslighted threads, was explained by the late Professor Cowper, who discovered that the clumsy-looking threads give a 'tension and elasticity' not to be procured in any other way. These wheels are now silenced by the machinery of Manchester, and the time may soon arrive when it will appear incredible that a fabric of ten yards in length and one yard wide should weigh only 3 oz. 2 dwt., and pass readily through a small ring. Similar to this must have been the 'woven air' of Sanskrit literature, and the robe in which a woman exhibited herself in Buddhist story and was punished for going about unclad. The muslin had been sent to Kosala as a present from the King of Kalinga. The products of India are traced to Greece in the time of Homer, and to Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon. The genealogy of the words for ivory and elephant is said to prove that Greece got ivory from India, through the men of Tyre, in which case the celebrated bed of Menelaus was carved from the tusks of elephants once roaming in Hindostan. There was no word in Greek for elephant, and when Herodotus first saw the animal he called it ivory, using the Sanskrit-derived word by which the tusks were known in commerce. King Solomon's apes and peacocks, in like manner, bear Sanskrit-derived names, and the alnum-wood, of which he made ceilings, screens, and balconies, is supposed to be the sandal-wood of India. The precious stones of King Hiram's cargo still lie in the hills to the west of Ajmere, rich in garnets, amethysts, chrysolites, and metals; and also in the hills of Guzerat, where agates,

mocha-stones, and carnelians are found about thirty feet below the surface of the soil. Nard and bdellium, calamus and cassia, were also products of India. Nard, or spikenard, grows in the Himalaya, being a plant with small hairy roots, compared by the Arabs to ermines' tails; bdellium is a fragrant gum from Kattiwar; calamus, either the delicious lemon-grass, grown in Kew Gardens, or that which yields the fragrant grass-oil; and the cassia of Scripture is the *tamala* of Sanskrit literature. The names of these products are not the only words which Prof. Lassen remarks as Sanskrit words early introduced into Hebrew by the means of trade; and the inference is that the 'Ophir' of Scripture must have been in India, and probably on the Malabar coast, the Sanskrit words in question bearing terminations characteristic of the Dekkan. Native navigators are supposed to have shipped the goods from the Indus to some port to the south of Bombay, whence they were fetched by the Arabs or Phoenicians."

The tone of Mrs. Speir's book is throughout good. She is herself thoroughly interested in her subject, and is thus in possession of one great talisman for riveting the attention of her readers also. In evidence of this, we quote her concluding remarks.—

"In Metaphysics we have already had occasion to notice the ingenuity and perseverance of Hindû speculation. Of Hindû attainment in medicine much also might be said, as attested by the flourishing schools in Calcutta and other parts of India. And that India has not lost her ancient skill in arts and manufactures, we have had ample evidence in the exquisite muslins, embroideries, shawls, and kincobs, the dyes and scents, the magnificent carved furniture, the gold and silver filigree, the trophies of jewelled arms, and other attractions of the Indian Department of our Great Exhibition in 1851, and that of Paris in 1855. And when thinking of India's actual attainments and resources, it is difficult to refrain from a digression upon the magic of railway communication; upon the good which one hopefully anticipates, although evil effects be first apparent: we see indeed that it first uncards and exasperates wild Santhals, but one hopes that it may bring many groups of retired Pundits within the influence of European civilization, although denied the rare blessing of a Lancelot Wilkinson as resident amongst them. And religiously, how wide the question!—but we must forbear. Ancient India is our subject, and of Ancient India we must take leave, casting one lingering glance upon its best-loved features. Wherever man has thought much, we find that he has by necessity thought much upon religion, for the mind of man seeks for God as surely as the sunflower seeks the sun. Ancient Hindûs were men of intellect; their institutions devoted a large portion of their society to contemplation, and the result is, that religion was ever the strongest point of interest in their history. But India's holy books, instead of being a record of God's commands or a narrative of man's confiding trust, are a mass of heterogeneous tales and wild conjectures, in which practical views of duty, chiefly negative, alternate with intuitions sublime but evanescent and theoretical. First, we have seen Brahmins capable of sublime thought striving to fetter their fellow-creatures with hereditary rank and hereditary occupations. Secondly, we have seen the democracy of Buddhism sweeping away Brahmanical institutions and upholding universal rights, but, at the same time, blighting the poetry of life and literature. And thirdly, we have seen a regenerated corrupt Brahmanical system triumph over Buddhism, and partially restore the poetry of earlier days, but fail essentially in the working of its fourfold system of Caste. The old Brahman was not so wanting in abstract belief as in obedience to law and knowledge of God's will. The Buddhist tried to give the law, but it was law without God, and resulted in barren formalism. The Buddhist was republican, but not spiritual, the old Brahman spiritual but exclusive, and thus we may compare them with those terrible insects of India known as white ants. Periodically they are clothed with wings, burst from their dark homes, and soar upwards; unguided, they fly equally toward sun or lamp or rushlight; many perish in flame; others fall exhausted, and, crawling home without wings, again become an industrious commu-

nity, but incapable of flights toward heaven. And thus we close these studies, standing like weather-bound travellers on a mountain-top."

"Wrapt as in the cloud,
In which light dwelt before the sun was born."

The book is beautifully and carefully printed, and is embellished with a number of elegant illustrations; many of which are from drawings by Messrs. W. and E. R. Prinsep. We note a few errors, that they may not be overlooked in a future edition. At p. 9, Akber is said to have reigned from 1556 to 1586 A.D., instead of 1605. At p. 16, Haiderabad is said to be situated on the Kistnah. It is rather on the Musi, an affluent of the Kistnah. At p. 19, for "Colonel Ovens" read "Colonel Ovans"; and at p. 29, 17, for "eastern" read "western" coast. At p. 100, and in several places following, the name of "Carey," the translator of the "Râmâyana," is wrongly written "Cary." At p. 147, a wrong impression is given as to Tamil (mis-spelled Tamul) literature. The highest rank reached by a Brahmin in Tamil writing is that of a commentator. The Tamil Râmâyana, Mâhabhârata, &c. are not translations, but imitations, of the Sanskrit poems so called, and were made by Shudras. At p. 459, for "Chandrávarti" read "Chandravati." At p. 461, Râjâ Jey Sing is called an emperor, which is hardly an appropriate title for that prince.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The City Banker; or, Love and Money. By the Author of "Whitefriars," &c. 3 vols. (Skeet).—Under another title the "City Banker" has appeared in the pages of a weekly journal. It has all the virtues and the vices which make the success of a serial tale. If tried by the rules of common sense the story could not hold together for a moment—still it is coherent and true to itself; it presents no discrepancy to the reader, and its inherent impossibility does not intrude itself. The different characters are impossible; they are all drawn either in black or white chalk—the black are very black, and the white are dazzling; nevertheless, the different villains are so well contrasted, and their individuality is so carefully preserved, that a certain air of humanity is given to the whole group, which would be entirely wanting if any of them had been left to stand alone. Lazarus Lepard, the chief devil, stands distinct from Fox Ogresson, whose name bespeaks him. Blackadder is equally a scoundrel, but his villainy lies in another line. Each is true to his own type, and is true to his part to the last. The bad men are matched with equally bad women, all drawn with a firm hand, and the different varieties are well distributed. There is a thorough-going heartiness in the author, which interests the reader in the proceedings of the villains, in spite of all remorse of judgment or taste. The materials out of which the story is constructed are coarse; but there is a rapid succession of the most exciting incidents, wrought up into powerful situations, that seem to threaten the crash of doom; and a complicated plot, which looks as if it could defy either Time or Fate to unravel it. The interest increases with the complication, which is however so skilfully managed, that the reader is never confused by it; and when the story has run to its allotted length, the mingled yarn is wound off without the least knot or break. Nothing is left slovenly or incomplete; everything is explained, and the explanation is always adequate to the mystery—there is no discrepancy betwixt the lock and the key. We have never read a novel that was finished off in a more workmanlike manner. "The City Banker" is not a novel of a high class, but it is extremely well executed for what it is—a Surrey Theatre romance.

The Story of my Wardship. By Mary Catherine Jackson. 3 vols. (Bentley).—This is most unmissable by a young lady's first novel—weak, watery, and dull. There are plenty of incidents: a faithless wife—an elopement of lawful lovers—an un-

faithful guardian—a mysterious lady's maid—a secret poisoning—intrigues to make marriages, and intrigues to break them—castles, country-houses, and cottages—scheming old ladies and innocent young ones; but the authoress cannot work the charm: either the ingredients are not thrown into the cauldron in their right order (and all cooks say that is an important secret in the art of making broth), or else the items themselves are not good of their kind. One thing is certain, that the result is not a success. We do not discern any sign of promise in the book. The style is feeble, and the language fails in its allegiance to the rules of syntax; the characters are washed in and washed out; and there are no signs of labour or pains-taking. We cannot recommend any reader in search of amusement to take up 'The Story of my Wardship,' and we think that the author will do well to write no more novels.

Francisco De Verulamio Novum Organum, sive Indicia Vera de Interpretatione Naturae. Edited, with Notes, by J. S. Brewer, M.A. (King's College, London).—There are few works so often referred to by name, and so little studied, as Bacon's *Novum Organum*; and yet, surely the writer who, as Mr. Brewer justly remarks, "has continued, and will continue to be the representative not only of those pursuits, but of that method of investigation and all its consequences, moral as well as physical, which distinguish modern from mediæval times," deserves to be read in his own language, rather than in the second-hand reports of others. To facilitate this desirable object, Mr. Brewer has edited all that part of the *Novum Organum* which is worth the study of a modern reader, omitting most of the second book, as containing nothing which may not be either found better elsewhere, or dispensed with altogether. Difficulties and obscurities, which an unaided student would hardly be able to overcome, are much diminished, if not in all cases entirely removed, by the ample apparatus of introduction, summary, notes and appendices. Numerous mistakes in the popular estimate of Bacon are corrected, and the true place he occupies in philosophy is pointed out. All who have a sufficient knowledge of Latin, and wish to acquire a sound knowledge of the *Novum Organum*, will find this edition well suited for their use.

Greek Syntax, with a Rationale of the Constructions. By James Clyde, M.A. (Edinburgh, Sutherland & Knox; London, Simpkin & Co.).—Prof. Blackie, at whose instigation this work was undertaken, has written a brief prefatory notice explaining his views as to its use. The practice of speaking Greek having fallen into disuse, he insists forcibly on the necessity of writing, and throws out some valuable suggestions with regard to the kind of exercises which ought to be written. These, instead of being, as they usually are, altogether unconnected with the course of reading, he would have drawn up from the reading-lesson, that the words and phrases there found may be employed by the student, and thus become really his own. As a useful aid to composition, he recommends Mr. Clyde's "Syntax," which is fairly entitled to the merit of being what he desired—"a good manual of syntax, concise, but scientific and complete." Based upon Kühner and Madvig, it is a successful attempt to combine the philosophical spirit of the one with the positive character of the other, and contains not only a minute specification of the laws of the language, with the necessary limitations and exceptions, but a discussion of the general principles upon which those laws are founded. The statements are accurate, well-arranged, generally clear, and illustrated by apt examples. But one of the most striking and valuable peculiarities is, the frequent reference to modern Greek and other languages for parallel constructions. There is nothing better adapted to awaken an interest in the study of language, and form habits of observation and comparison. Mr. Clyde has proved himself well worthy of Prof. Blackie's commendation as a skilful teacher and philosophical scholar.

Two Lectures on the History of the American Union. By Henry Reed. (Philadelphia, Parry & Macmillan).—Now that across the Atlantic the oft-repeated cry has come again, "The Union is in danger," the students of History in connexion

with contemporary events will probably "get up" the subject of the American Union. But these Lectures do not belong to that class of literature which froths, so to speak, on the surface of every public discussion. Their author passed away some years ago. They were delivered in the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington, and were composed without reference to party interests. The historical retrospect, indeed, is brought no nearer our own times than the establishment of the Federal Government; but the maxims enforced may be applied at this moment, with singular propriety, by debaters on American politics. No one can glance through the Lectures, which are oratorical in style, without acknowledging the noble ardour which inspires them, or without sympathizing in the American's appeal—almost as fervent as a prayer—in behalf of the Republic he loved, and to the service of which he devoted his generous and honourable life.

Staffords us satisfaction to announce, that Messrs. Parker continue to extend their admirable series of "Oxford Pocket Classics"; the two latest additions being *M. Tullii Ciceronis Tusculanarum Disputationum Libri Quinque*; and *Short Notes to the Odes, Epodes, Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica of Horace*.—Among elementary educational works lately issued, we may mention *A Half-yearly Course of Reading Lessons (Three per Week) in English History*, by R. Bithell; *Practical Arithmetic for Junior Classes*, by H. G. C. Smith, recommended by Professor Kelland; *Haughton's Arithmetical Exercises*, a series of large sheets to be hung up in the school-room, and cards for home work, with a pamphlet of directions and answers for the master's use.—*The Illustrated Webster Reader*; and *Notes of Lessons, in their Principles and Application*, by G. Sydenham, intended for masters and pupil-teachers in elementary schools.—Mr. W. B. Macdonald has consulted the interests of another class of students in his lithographic *Sketch of a Coptic Grammar*, which, in addition to a compendious but sufficient account of the essentials of the language, contains reading lessons, with grammatical analyses and vocabularies—all within a short compass, and at a moderate cost.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE AUTHORITY FOR THE OBSERVANCE OF GOOD FRIDAY.

It is so universally admitted, as to render the production of proof unnecessary, that our Blessed Lord was raised from the dead on the First Day of the week; and it is universally admitted that he died on the Friday before his resurrection. Matt. xxv. 46. "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in

the heart of the earth." The entire authenticity and correctness of these words are not questioned by any one; their Divine Sense is clear, and determined. That if our Saviour was raised from the dead on the First Day of the week, he must have suffered on the Friday before.

The record of the duration of an event, admits of two distinct forms of description. The event may be described, in relation to the actual amount of time that it occupied; or, in relation to the number of the appointed divisions of time on which it occurred. Thus a journey to Rome may be said to be completed in ten days, or, on the eleventh day; either is equivalent to the one specifying the actual amount of time it occupied, the estimate of which commences with the journey; the other the number of the days, the appointed divisions of time, on which the journey was made. When we say, "He suffered on the first day," we distinguish from the other, by the Expression and Ommission of the Preposition *On*. In the specification of the actual amount of time an event occupied, the Preposition is not expressed; in the specification of the number of the appointed divisions of time on which it occurred, the Preposition is always expressed. Supposing our Blessed Lord to have suffered on Friday all the following statements are just: He suffered on the first day.—He rested in the grave on the second day.—He was raised from the dead on the third day.—He laid in the grave two days (see Hosea, vi. 2).—He was two days in the grave.—He rose from the dead on the third day; certainly not, He was raised from the dead on the third day; or, He was three days and three nights in the heart of the earth; for then, from Friday to Saturday must be, *Two days and two nights*, and, *One day and one night* can have no meaning. Who can suppose that there is any connection in relation to such time. Here is three days' hire? Who can suppose the creation of the world, From Sunday to Tuesday three days, then to Thursday three days, then to Saturday three days, then to Sunday two days? making together eleven days. Thus then, supposing our Blessed Lord to have suffered on Friday, and risen on Saturday, respecting it, can the word *Three* be used; or even the word *Two*? Is it preceded by the Preposition *On*; yet in numerous passages of Holy Scripture these words are so used, see Matt. xxvi. 63. John ii. 19, and Matt. xvi. 21, Mark ix. 31, Luke ix. 32. Cor. x. 4, &c., and they are also so used in each of the Three Creeds; therefore, it is certain, that our Blessed Lord did not suffer on Friday.

Thus then it appears, that in relation to the time of our Blessed Lord's suffering, the Word of God is clear and determined; yet this Word has been made of various interpretations. Tradition, however, is synonymous with the Seventh day; yet in Lev. xxiii. 32 it is recorded, "In the ninth day of the seventh month at even, from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." And in the record of the Ten Commandments it is said, "Exo. xx. 8, 9. And the seventh day is not a Sabbath, but a Sabbath of the Lord; because this assumption cannot be regarded. Every seventh Day is a Sabbath, but every Sabbath is not a Seventh Day.

Tradition may assert, that our Blessed Lord suffered on a Day of Preparation, for Holy Scripture records of this Day, "Tradition, however, records this also." But Tradition cannot justly assert, that the Sabbath was the Sabbath of the Seventh Day; for Holy Scripture records a contradiction of it. "So shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." St. John xii. 40 is recorded, "It is written in the law of Moses, 'The Sabbath of the Passover'"; hence St. John xii. 41. "For that Sabbath was not a Sabbath of the Passover"; hence St. John xii. 31. "For that Sabbath Day was an hour before the Passover."

It therefore appears, that there is no authority for the observance of Good Friday above, dogmatical Teaching; or, The Edit of a Living Infallible Head.

HERMAN HEINFETTER.

17, Fenchurch-street,
October 1, 1851.

P.S. Nov. 12, 1856. This is the One Million Six Hundred Thousandth annual. "How long shall ye between two opinions?" of the Lord of Hosts, "Is it not I that have created him?" in your answer, God and Man must; for he that is of God heareth God's words; and whosoever shall be ashamed of me or of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed. I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the memory of Christ, ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, and be ye holy, acceptable to God, without murmurings and disputations; and be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that Good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God; for ye prove even so that ye do not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple; heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Be not deceived. This is not an Immortal selection of one day for another, but a question of grave importance; even of acceptance or rejection of our Lord Jesus Christ; the decision of which we cannot afford to neglect.

We know that our Blessed Lord hath declared, and we cannot either either disbelieve him, or doubt him.

Be not deceived. We feel that there is no uncertainty in our Blessed Lord's declaration, and that the disturbing cause, is an opposing declaration of Tradition. We know that our Blessed Lord said—Three days and three nights; and that Tradition says—Two days and two nights.

Be not deceived. If appearances are of peace, Facts determine that war is raging: That Christ and Tradition are warring for our submission, and one must succumb.

Be not deceived. Tradition has not secured any one who is not either a heretic, or a schismatic, or a heretic and a schismatic.

Be not deceived. Tradition has secured himself of his adhesion to it, as clearly, as though Tradition's Badge was marked on his forehead; and who does not by his actions, and the systems he supports, as clearly point out to others his conviction, as though Tradition's Badge was marked on his hands? Tradition is not a scrupulous master; it has been, that it has denominated buying and selling, without all required marks of adhesion to it.

AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

OCTOBER skies are misty, cool, and grey,
The stubbles emptied of their latest sheaf,

The meadow of its mounds; a noble grief
Has beautified the woods in their decay;

How many colours on the falling leaf!

Encircling our solemn hills to-day,

Whose afternoon is hush'd, and wintry brief!

Only a robin sings from any spray.

And Night sends up her pale cold moon, and spills
White mist around the hollows of the hills.

Phantoms of birth or lake; the peasant sees

His cot and stackyard, with the homestead trees,

In isolated; but no vain terror thrills

His perfect harvesting; he sleeps at ease.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

(A CHILD'S SONG.)

GOODBYE, goodbye to Summer!

For Summer's nearly done;

The garden smiling faintly,

Cool breezes in the sun;

N° 1516

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XUM

Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do ?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling nightwinds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas ! in Winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go ?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

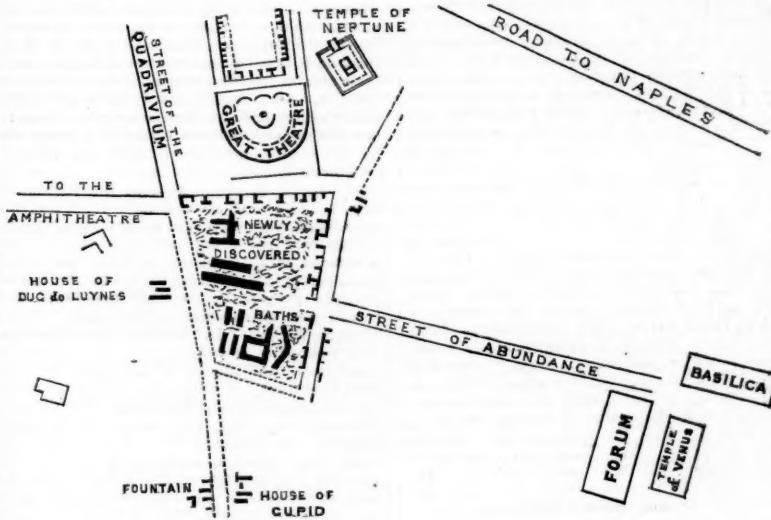
W. ALLINGHAM.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, November.

A visit to Pompeii is one of the most commonplace things that a stranger can accomplish. He puts himself behind the Diomede steamer as coolly as he would slip on board a Greenwich boat, and away he goes, hissing and puffing, until he arrives (ye gods!) at the Pompeii Station. I was one of several who took this necessary trip a few days since, at once to see a spot so well known to fame and to inspect some interesting recent discoveries. What representatives of literature from London, or of Yankeekian from the States, were there I may not mention; but we mixed up well, heterogeneous elements as we were, and spent a pleasant day under the guidance of the most obliging Director of Antiquities in the world, the Cavaliere Carlo Bonucci. A little, dirty, unshaven man met us as we descended, and conducted us with great orientation to the Hotel Diomede. He was the Boniface of this classic spot, and after enumerating all the varieties of fare he could offer us, concluded the list with what he considered to be eminently suited to English tastes—"A bifteak di vitello!" Well, well, my good fellow, let it be what you like, only let us push on to the ruins, and have something ready for us in due time. There is a very proper regulation at Pompeii which forbids visitors to enter without a guide, for it is just one of those places where people think that picking and stealing are perfectly justifiable. Religious young ladies, with Bibles in their bags all ready for distribution, would not hesitate, I believe, to fill those bags with their pickings. We, therefore, like all other visitors, took a guide, and he proved to be a member of that numerous class one often meets with in Italy, who try to cover the dishonour of occupation with the glorious reminiscences of the past. In short, he was in *bassa fortuna*, but he was well-informed and obliging,—and made, in short, an admirable guide. I shall hurry through the city as rapidly as I can, the Street of the Tombs and the houses of Diomede, the Poet and the Faun: they have been described a hundred times, and every reader must know them like a showman. We have arrived at length at the great point of interest:—the Public Baths recently discovered. They are situated near the Stabian Gate, where the work of excavation was commenced in 1854, and where many objects of great interest, which have been duly reported to you, have been discovered. The works have been suspended for three or four months, during the intolerable heats of summer, and had only been resumed three or four days, so that every hour is bringing to light more and more of the curiosities of this site.

I may say of these Baths that they are the most important excavations that have been made for many years. In plan, they resemble the baths so well known, differing from them in certain decorations of stucco. The subjects of my description are much more magnificent, whilst the others are in a higher state of preservation. We enter from the street into a grand portico, surrounded on two sides by a peristyle. This was the Sphaeristerium, where those who came to bathe played at *palli*. Two or three, both *spheri* and *palli*, were found within the portico, as, also, a stone, with this inscription, "*Pilicrepi Plaudite.*" The first chamber we shall enter is the "Spogliatorium," where the bathers undressed. The vault of this room is adorned with painted, wavy decorations, which, for want of a better term, we should call Pompeian. On the left is the *refrigidarium*, a cold bath, round in form, and having niches all round for people to sit in, whilst another larger niche remains to show where the water came in at a gush. This bath is richly painted in fresco, with flowers; and in one of the compartments is the figure of a woman, nude, reclining on her side, with her back towards the spectator. Her hair has fallen back over her shoulders. The *tepidarium* which follows after the cold bath is oblong in shape. The roof and sides are ornamented with circular and octagonal figures, in the centre of which are various devices, —animals, a Pistrice, a lion, winged figures, dolphins; in short, everything that the most capricious imagination could suggest. All round this chamber there are niches, which were used for holding the perfume vases. After the *tepidarium* we meet with the *ippocast* or the *caldarium*. In shape, it resembles the *tepidarium*; whilst the ornaments are principally composed of armour, arms, and trophies, worked in stucco in rilievo. At one extremity is a marble bath; at the other was a fountain. This bath stands on many small pilasters, under which passed the flames of the fire; thus warming the pavement and heating the lateral walls and passing off above. On the other side of the peristyle are several rooms painted in fresco. These must have been for those who were waiting for a bath; and the painted figures represent females or nymphs, nude, and holding fountains or vases in front of them. Besides these figures, there are also landscapes painted round the rooms. Cav. Bonucci is of opinion that the part of the buildings I have been describing formed the baths devoted to the women. Varro says, that these public institutions were divided into two parts—"virilia" and "muliebria"; and there can be little doubt but that the portion recently excavated formed the "muliebria." The "virilia" are now in the course of being brought to light. Fifteen men only are occupied in removing the mountain of scoriae and dust which covers this remaining portion; and much interest exists amongst antiquaries to know the results of the operations. Amongst other objects found in these "Bagni" were some silver and bronze coins, which of course have been sent to the Museum. They were lying near a skeleton, perhaps of the Custode, for it was near the door. This public edifice—as the annexed drawing of



the site shows—is situated in the street which leads from the Forum to the Porta Stabiana, and is nearly opposite the beautiful shop richly decorated with marbles of various colours and designs, and in which were found many Imperial coins. This shop was excavated in the presence of the Due de Luynes. Pursuing our course through the street, we came at length to the Stabian Gate, through which the people passed in the direction of the modern city of Castellamare. A strong tunnel has been built in this direction under the modern road. As a proof of the "noncuranza" which exists in this country to everything connected with Art, I found at the entrance of the tunnel the stone with the celebrated Oscan inscription. It had been placed in a wooden case with a view to its removal; but half the cover has been split off to admit of its being examined by curious Goths, and there lies this curious historical monument in about the same state of neglect as though nothing were written upon it but "Day & Martin's Blacking." Why has it not been removed to the Museum? Alas, that word "Why?" should never be asked in the Two Sicilies! One "Why" may

be followed by a thousand. The time we had allotted to antiquarianizing was, however, not completed—our strength was exhausted, our appetites sharpened, so off we ran to the Hotel Diomede. All the resources of its mighty kitchen were exhausted in honour of the Director and his visitors. The *carte à manger* I will not recite,—suffice it that we were not proud, and it found favour in our sight. Nor does it form a part of my purpose to repeat all the classical jokes that were cut at the expense of Diomede's cellars. Old as Pompeii no doubt they were, but very good we thought them, and so we laughed till the mountains behind Castellamare began to put on their purple hues. What time does the last train start, Diomede's Signor, half-past six. So we lingered during the interval in the inclosed bit of ground between the station and the hotel. There was a plantation of cotton close to us and the seed was bursting with its fleecy wealth. Of the statistics of the cultivation of this plant I must speak another time. One of the many loafers to be found about an Italian railway now sidled up to us. He has been eying us askance for some time, as if to ascertain

whether we were a "buona famiglia," which, being interpreted, meaneth "careless of money," and I suppose he had settled it in the affirmative, otherwise he would not have done us the honour to make our acquaintance. "Would the Signori mount Vesuvius, he would take us up in no time,—or would we go to Pompeii, he had got the best horses in all Nocera"; but we resisted the tempting offers.—"He was well qualified to be guide, for he spoke not only Italian, but French."—"How did he acquire his knowledge of French?"—"Not from study, because he could not read, but from listening to the 'Forestieri';" and he spoke it fluently too.—"French, fellow!" I observed.—"Well," said our Yankee friend, "I guess as our niggers would whip him all to nothing at languages. *My* —, they are considerable quick at learning languages."—"Then they are not quite so low in the scale of humanity as some would represent them to be."—"Well, there's no use in denying it, they are considerable sharp at languages." A shrill whistle, however, put a stop to the conversation; Pompeii re-echoes the sound. Diomede is in consternation, his dirty little butler bows, and scrapes, and smiles, and off we go. Of course, we have many other pleasant classic jokes about bigots and railways, so novel and so rich that we fancy ourselves the wittiest fellows in the world, and make the carriage resound with our laugh. Then we discuss national customs and manners—the position and influence of ladies. The American affirmed that in his country they stood better than in any country in the world. He had lately crossed the Atlantic, and on board a party of gentlemen were discussing the character of a lady, whose fame was of rather a gossamer web; but he had observed that that lady had twenty cousins who would all be happy to wait upon any one of them, and deep silence was the result. Such was the high courtesy and the advanced civilization of the Americans! "Did they carry bowie-knives in his part of the country?"—"Well, he did not know but what most of the young sparks when they stripped could turn out a bowie-knife and a revolver—it was the fashion. He had once seen three men laid dead in an hot-el. There was a Judge who had come down to be married, and who went to his tailor's to try on a coat. The Judge did not like it, the tailor said it was well made—so a quarrel arose, and tailor and party waylaid the Judge and his party, and had a shot at them after dinner in the public room. The Judge returned the fire, for he had his knife and revolver, and after laying three dead retreated up stairs amidst a parting volley of shots. It was the very last case which Judge — tried, and they were all acquitted."—But I must not prolong these illustrations of men and manners; yet they belong to the day in which they were sketched so graphically by our Yankee friend, and have a very antique or mediæval cut. Let these facts be my excuse for gossiping beyond the precincts of Pompeii.

H.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Council of the Royal Society have awarded the Copley Medal this year to M. H. Milne-Edwards for his Researches in Comparative Anatomy and Zoology; and the Rumford Medal to M. Pasteur, of Lille, for his Discovery of the Nature of Racemic Acid and its relations to Polarized Light, and for the Researches to which he was led by that discovery. One of the Royal Medals has been awarded to Sir John Richardson, M.D., for his Contributions to Natural History and Physical Geography; and the second Royal Medal to Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, for his various Physical Researches relating to Electricity, to the Motive Power of Heat, and to other subjects. These medals will be presented to the above gentlemen with appropriate addresses at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society, on the 1st of December next.

We hear from a good source that the price paid by Mr. Rooney for the original edition of Hamlet—sold so precipitately to Messrs. Boone for 70/-, and re-sold by them to Mr. Halliwell for 120/-—was 1s. The person from whom Mr. Rooney

bought the work gave 4d. for it. The previous history of the copy we have not heard.

Dr. Livingston, the most useful of African explorers, is expected in England daily; and the Council of the Geographical Society, with considerate delicacy, refrain from making public the important papers now in their hands until his arrival. Dr. Livingston is the only traveller who has ever received two awards from the Geographical Society: a chronometer watch and a gold medal. Commodore Trotter, stationed at the Cape, sent the Frolic and the Dart to wait on the coast for our daring countryman, and after a long watch the seamen took him on board at Quillimane. Geographers in London will rejoice to give this brilliant explorer a reception worthy of his services.

The commonplace proceedings of the University of Cambridge have recently been enlivened by a slight variety. A gentleman who was Examiner at the Previous Examination (which under-graduates call *Little-go*) in 1856, was nominated for the same office in 1857, and, by a very sudden boiling over of opinion, was rejected by the Senate with perfect unanimity. This gentleman had been examiner in Arithmetic; and, though the Cambridge Senate never gives reasons, it is believed that the severity of his character as an examiner was the cause of his rejection. He is the person on whose appointment we congratulated the University [ante, p. 812] for its chance of getting arithmetic better attended to. In 1855 there were rejected at the previous examination ninety candidates; in 1856, there were seventy-nine. This dreaded examiner, then, does not appear so destructive as his predecessors. But he plucked sixty-seven of the seventy-nine, whence it is inferred that the other examiners only plucked twelve. There is too much reason to fear that this fallacy misled many members of the Senate: it is the defence made for them by one of their number in a Cambridge paper, who discovers that Mr. — is twenty-five times as difficult to satisfy as any one of his five colleagues. Now the fact is, that, as cool heads would have found out, far the greater number of these who failed in arithmetic failed in other things also. So that the rejections due to arithmetic alone do not amount to more than nine. It seems then, without troubling ourselves further with University details, that the Senate will not accept the fact, that at least a quarter of their young students are grossly incompetent in arithmetic so late as the time of previous examination, or the middle of their second year of residence. The whole question turns on this fact. Did the Examiner reject competent students, or did he not? The onus lies on the Senate. All who know Cambridge as it has been in the last half-century know that arithmetic has been grossly neglected, that very good wranglers are frequently, very frequently, miserably incapable in ordinary computation. All who know the recent examinations are aware that nothing high enough for the better classes of a common school was, till very recently, presented to the *Little-go* candidates in their arithmetic paper. Should this be denied, we shall publish a specimen: but it will not be denied. The *prima facie* appearances of this case indicate that the Senate is displeased with an examiner who has faithfully done his duty, and pointed out a defect of the University system which has been blot as long as the memory of living man goes back.

The Hume Memorial Fund has passed the corner of 1,300/-—but the committee seem desirous of increasing the amount before meeting to consider what form the memorial shall take. Enough has been secured for a bronze statue—for the foundation of a chair of Economical Science—for gift of books to a popular library. If the public wish to have a larger and more splendid commemoration of Joseph Hume they must increase the "tottle" of their subscription.

Mr. J. F. Fisher and Mr. W. Sargent, two literary collectors of Pennsylvania, propose to publish, privately, a collection of Loyalist songs. One side of the great story of the American War has been told with infinite care—the side of the Revolution. The other has shared the fate of nearly all who fail. The Loyalists, beaten at Bunker's Hill, have been since blackened by every blockhead in the

States. Their motives have been misrepresented, their characters traduced; their songs forgotten; yet even in America there are readers who perceive in the lyrics and pamphlets of the old Loyalists evidence of courage, purity, and education as remarkable as anything displayed in the popular cause. These fugitive pieces, so precious to an impartial historian, are now scarce, and confined to a few hands. From what we know of them we are inclined to rank their literary merits as high, at least, as those of the Cavalier and Roundhead songs and squibs; and we are glad to hear that Messrs. Fisher and Sargent are about to admit the public to a sight of some of the gems of their collection.

Signor Angeli sends us another note, challenging Mr. Panizzi to "satisfy" him "that the phrases on which he commented in court are not used by eminent Italian authors." We cannot pursue this subject; and having nothing to change in our own views of the case we are content to refer to our first article. Here the question may rest.

The Council of the Photographic Society are preparing to hold a *Soirée* at King's College on the 17th of next month,—which they hope to render peculiarly attractive. In January the usual exhibition of the Society will be held in the rooms of the Water-Colour Society.

"*Trop de verdure*," was the French reproach against England for many a year. London had little fine street architecture, the English used to own; but when it was averred that there was no street of London from some part or other of which a tree could not be seen. By the letters which have been flying to and fro, it seems as if our privileges and adornments were in danger—that gardening now meant grubbing up; and too sadly evident it is, from the high roads which are now intersecting one another between St. James's Street and Buckingham Palace and Piccadilly, that the Green Park is losing all right to its name, and may assume that of "Gravel Field" as soon as it will. Seriously, the width of the new walks is excessive, in a case where no carriage communication is intended, and it is vexatious to see one of our green spots rapidly assuming the appearance of that garden of M. Boutin, the tailor, with its strips of grass and stripes of gravel *en friche*, so laughed at by Horace Walpole on his first visit to Paris.

That these busy and menacing times, so far from shutting our hearts and memories to the past, only seem to quicken apprehension and enterprise, is evident when we look at the monumental projects and performances proposed or carried out. Scottish journals tell us of the completion on the hill of Barnweil of a godly tower raised in honour of "Wallace wight." There is hardly an ecclesiastical journal belonging to any sect that has not its proposal or subscription list for memorial window or niche, and this when Wellington effigies are sprouting on every side, and when Government sends out its obelisk, with a Cross on its peak, to look at the City of the Crescent at Scutari Point. The other day, the men of Sheffield sat in council to raise a Crimean monument to the heroes of their town; and we see that one of the champions of Kars, Capt. Thompson, is to have his memorial from the inhabitants of Birmingham. Yet these are days against which the canters complain, as materialist, selfish, and ungrateful.

Genoese papers announce that the Industrial Congress,—which has recently been in session at Brussels,—will meet next year in Genoa. The place is well chosen; not less for its beauty than for its utility; for Genoa the Superb is not more remarkable for the grandeur of its site, which is altogether Italian, than for its vigorous and enterprising genius, which is altogether English.

The Piedmontese correspondent of a Florentine literary paper, the *Spettatore*, writes from Pinerolo,—in the once famous fortress of which little subalpine town, it will be remembered, that the "Man in the Iron Mask" passed eleven years of his mysterious imprisonment,—that the long-kept secret of his name and fate has at length been penetrated. Signor Cirillo Mussi, whom the Piedmontese writer calls "the learned and indefatigable historian of Pinerolo," has, he says, in the course of researches among the archives of the

town, met with a document, which affords the long-sought information. The facts discovered are declared by Signor Mussi to rest on unmistakable and irrefutable evidence; and he only waits to gratify the curiosity of the world, until he shall have succeeded in finding a publisher willing to purchase the MSS. in which he has narrated his discovery. Let us hope, that this *sine qua non* may soon be met with.

We understand that the house at Gohlis, near Leipsic, containing the room in which Schiller wrote his 'Lied an die Freude,' and which is now yearly visited by thousands, is in danger of destruction, as, at an approaching change of proprietorship, the ground on which it stands will fall into the hands of one who will make no sacrifice to uphold the "Schillerstube," as it is called. The Leipsic Schiller-Verein, therefore, have published an appeal to the public for assistance in purchasing the ground on which the house stands, and in carrying out such necessary restorations as will protect the building from impending decay. The appeal asks—1, for subscriptions; 2, for advances by way of mortgage; 3, for applications for shares of five dollars each, which, after lying for three years in the hands of the Schiller-Verein, will be entitled to a dividend of 5 per cent. A plan for repaying the capital is under the consideration of the Verein. All subscriptions will be returned, in the event of the purchase not taking place. Every shareholder and every subscriber to the amount of five dollars will, in the event of the purchase, have his name inscribed on a tablet in the "Schillerstube," and receive the Society's 'Gedenkbuch an Schiller,' as far as the present stock of copies will reach.

We learn by the Stockholm *Aftonbladet* that Dr. Leo of Berlin, the learned linguist, visited Upsala a little while ago, in order carefully to examine, in the interest of Old German philology, certain passages of the so-called 'Codex Argenteus,' the most important MS. in existence (the other, the 'Codex Carolinus,' in the library at Wolfenbüttel, is of a still more fragmentary character) of the Gothic translation of the Bible by Bishop Ulphilas, of which, as is well known, the University of Upsala is the happy possessor. Dr. Leo was accompanied by a photographer, who had to take negatives of about sixty pages of the MS., as well as of the richly ornamented silver binding, from which the Codex has derived its name. The glass plates will be preserved in the Royal Library of Berlin; but about a hundred copies on paper will be taken and published (accompanied by a critical commentary), for the benefit of other libraries or private collectors.

Herr Bodenstein, we learn from Germany, is not the last poet of that country who has turned to dramatic account the history of the pseudo-Demetrius. Herr F. Gustav Kühne, of Leipsic (author of the drama 'Die Verschwörung von Dublin,' recently reviewed in the *Athenæum*) has written a tragedy on the same subject, which it is asserted will speedily be performed on the "Stadttheater," at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Herr Kühne has entirely adopted the plan of Schiller, and his work, therefore, promises fair to be in reality a complement of Schiller's fine fragments.

Several Austrian antiquaries have, at their own expense, undertaken excavations in the so-called Arpad Vale, between Alt-Ofer and Krotendorf, on the site of the Aquineum of the Romans. The well-known archaeologist, Herr Johann Paur, and the engineer, Herr Varsanyi, have been intrusted with the management of the undertaking. By the results already obtained, Herr Paur believes himself justified in expressing the hope to lay open the entire ruins of the Aquineum of old, from under the humus and turf covering of the Arpad Vale. Already a large hall has been excavated, and in it fragments of several statues, a silver buckle, water-work pipes for a caldarium, seventy little columns, mosaic bricks, keys, an Ara votiva, a stone coffin with a well-preserved inscription, and other curiosities have been found.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester announce, that since a Committee was charged with the proposed History and Museum of Calico Printing, they have found that a work

of this kind had already advanced very far in the hands of Mr. J. Graham: — a gentleman, it appears, pursuing his inquiries single-handed, and quite unknown to Mr. Mercer, at whose instance the scheme was taken up in public. He had written a history of the printworks of the district, from the first introduction of the art, about 1760, to a recent period. It consists of six hundred and twelve pages of MS., and describes the rise and progress of one hundred and ninety-six printworks. "This extensive work," says the Committee, "contains altogether one thousand one hundred and seventy receipts for mordaunts and processes, and nine hundred and thirty-nine illustrations on cloth. The first illustration is the once celebrated lily of the valley chintz pattern, printed at Brookside, by the Messrs. Peel, supposed to be in 1780." The Committee, we are glad to hear, while admitting the importance of Mr. Graham's labours, propose to carry on their own work "of collecting information from every available source." A public body has many facilities denied to the private inquirer. The chemical section of the Literary and Philosophical Society desire to make known their intention to such gentlemen as possess collections of pattern books. "As these books sometimes accumulate to an inconvenient extent, every printer must have many on hand. It is proposed that proprietors should engage a competent person to spend sufficient time amongst these volumes, so as to make a selection of those that would seem most interesting. If the list were forwarded to the section, those gentlemen engaged in writing the history would be made aware of the amount and quality of the material existing on the subject, and a selection would be made from the whole to be deposited in the Museum at Peel Park, kindly offered by the Committee for that purpose, forming the basis of a *Museum of Calico Printing*. Some of the collections already made are of great value; some it is expected will be presented by the possessors for the benefit of the public." We wish the Committee every success, and gladly lend our aid in making their wishes known.

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—Open daily, from 10 till 10. Contains upwards of 1000 Models and Pictures illustrating every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, the Races of Men, &c. Lectures are delivered at 12.30, and half past 7, by Dr. Sexton, F.R.G.S.; and at 4 p.m. precisely, by Dr. KAHN.—Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—On Tuesday Evening next, the 18th inst., at 8, JOHN LESLIE, Esq., representative of the Parish of St. George, at the Metropolitan Board of Works, will deliver a Lecture on LONDON, viewed from THE GREAT CHARTER OF SANCTA YUSTINA REFORM, the METROPOLITAN LOCAL MAP, &C. Every Evening, except Wednesday evenings, at 8, TELL TOPHAM, Esq., on LORD BYRON.—Lecture by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., on BESEMER'S NEW PROCESS OF MAKING IRON AND STEEL, daily except Wednesday, at Three, and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday Evenings, at 8, E. W. DAWSON, Esq., on DR. JARRELL'S LECTURES ON CHEMISTRY OF FIREWORKS, by Mr. PEPPER, Illustrated by a complete MINIATURE SERIES, constructed by Mr. DAWSON, the celebrated PYROTECHNICIST; and also, next Wednesday Evening, the 18th inst., MRS. MARY E. WEBB, a Coloured Native of PERTH, U.K., will give a DRAMATIC READING of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, as lately acted before Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, at Stafford House.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 10.—Rear-Admiral F. W. Beechey, President, in the chair.—Mr. W. P. Andrew, Capt. Cole, Mr. J. Entwistle, Mr. G. R. Fairholme, Col. the Hon. A. H. Gordon, Mr. A. Hudson, Mr. J. B. Heath, Mr. W. H. Howell, Sir C. Nicholson, Commander M. O'Reilly, R.N., and Mr. W. Staniland, C.E., were elected Fellows.—Among the more important donations presented to the Society since the last meeting were the Ordnance Maps, the Admiralty Charts, Robinson's 'Biblical Researches,' Commodore Perry's 'Narrative of an Expedition to the China Seas and Japan, &c.,' Fullarton's 'Gazetteer of the World,' seventh and concluding volume; Quarter-master-General's 'Map of the S.W. Crimea,' Crawfurd's 'Dictionary of the Indian Islands,' 'Map of the British Isles,' by the Board of Trade, Burton's 'Hara,' Sherard Osborne's 'Discovery of the North-West Passage by Sir R. M'Clure,' Beecher's 'Landfall of Columbus,' Fleming's 'Southern Africa,' French 'Dépot de la Marine' Charts, Hughes's 'Geography,' Maps of Ireland

and of Scotland, by Mr. Stanford, Transactions of various Societies, &c.—In opening the meeting the President stated that a letter had been received by the Secretary from their distinguished Gold-Medallist and Arctic traveller, Dr. E. K. Kane, of the United States, regretting that severe illness had prevented him calling at the Society, as he had much to say before leaving England. The Secretary had answered the letter, and had, in company with Mr. Arrowsmith, called upon Dr. Kane, whom they were grieved to find in a very weak state. The President thought that it would accord with the general feeling of the Society that he, as their representative, should call upon Dr. Kane, to express in their name their high admiration of their distinguished Medallist, and their sincere regret that he should have been prevented from appearing among his geographical friends. He (the President) would therefore suggest that a resolution to that effect be passed, which he would have much pleasure in delivering to Dr. Kane. It was then moved by Sir Roderick Murchison, seconded by Capt. Sherard Osborne, R.N., and unanimously carried, "That on the occasion of the arrival in this country of the eminent Arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, of the United States, who, attempting under the auspices of Messrs. Grinnell and Peabody, to rescue Franklin, has made important additions to geographical knowledge, receive the 'Gold Medal' of the Society; Resolved that the President do communicate, on the part of the members, the expression of their sincere regret upon hearing that this distinguished man should have been prevented by ill health from appearing at the meeting, to receive the unanimous and hearty welcome which awaited him."—The papers read were:—"Proceedings of the North Australian Expedition, under Mr. A. C. Gregory," communicated by the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Colonial Office.—"Notes of a Journey up the Sadong River, Borneo," by Mr. A. R. Wallace.—"Proposed Exploration of Borneo," by Lieut. De Craspigny, R.N.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 6.—*Monthly General Meeting*.—Mr. R. Hudson, F.R.S., in the chair.—Messrs. J. Holmes and R. H. S. Vyvyan were elected Fellows; and Messrs. A. Pegler, E. Emery, and J. Dillon were proposed as candidates for the Fellowship.—The Report stated that among the recent additions to the menagerie were included a magnificent pair of the Manchourian crane, originally brought from Northern China by M. Montigny. These beautiful birds are nearly equal in stature to the great Sarus crane of India, but are infinitely more striking in appearance, from the snowy whiteness of their plumage. The number of visitors to the Gardens continues to present an increase over the corresponding period of last year.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 11.—R. Stephenson, Esq., M.P., President, in the chair.—The session was commenced by the reading of a paper by Mr. D. K. Clark, 'On the Improvement of Railway Locomotive Stock,' which had been read in abstract at the last meeting, in May, before the recess, and had been subsequently printed and circulated amongst the members. The discussion was opened, and it was announced that it would be continued throughout the whole of the next meeting.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.—Nov. 6.—Prof. Wheatstone in the chair.—The Lord Bishop of Gibraltar, Rev. W. Andrewes, Dr. Lovell, Messrs. F. T. Adams, G. Downes, J. Garle, E. C. Hennah, E. Monson, E. D. Pain, M. Pillischer, R. Tibbets, H. Vivian, and J. W. Whelan, were elected members.—Photographs by Mr. R. Fenton, Prof. Delamotte, Mr. Bennett, of Naples, Mons. Le Gray, &c.; a new Pressure Frame by M. Belloc, and specimens of Photo-galvanography by M. Paul Pretsch, were exhibited.—Mr. Austin exhibited and described a simple Plate Holder, and Mr. Pillischer an instrument for opening and closing the lens.—Mr. Shadbolt communicated the results of his experiments on Dr. Hill Norris's Dry Collodion Process.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Royal Academy, 8.—'Anatomy,' by Prof. Partridge.
— British Archæological Society, 8.
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Adjourned Discussion upon Mr. Clark's Paper, 'On the Improvement of Rail-way Locomotive Stock.'
— Statistical, 8.
— Linen-drill, 8.
WED. Society of Arts, 8.—Address on Opening of Session, by Col. Sykes.
— Geological, 8.—'On the Occurrence of Crystallization in Stucco, and on other Instances of Changes in Molecular Arrangement,' by Dr. J. D. B. On the 'Quartzite of the North-West of Scotland,' by Prof. Nicol.
THURS. Society of Antiquaries, 8.—Royal, 8.—'On Photo-Chemical Researches,' by Messrs. Bunsen and Roscoe.
— Philological, 8.

FINE ARTS

TURNER'S PICTURES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THIS week the English people have laid a tardy crown on the coffin of the barber's son. The fame for which Mr. Ruskin has so long battled is now at once placed upon its pedestal, and Turner stands at last among those dead Cæsars, who "rule us from their urns." These twenty pictures have convinced the mass, to whom his pictures were hitherto comparatively a dream, that in imagination and colour he was one of the greatest painters that ever lived,—great for his nationalism and catholicity, great technically and universally speaking.

His brother artists, never slow to recognize a merit, which was, indeed, long ago established in their market, at last acknowledge the eccentric greatness of the ascetic philanthropist, who laboured for fame and from love of the very race he shunned. At last his pictures have been snatched from the jaws of the Chancery monster whom no sops of parchment or dead men's wills can satisfy, and are fairly in good people's hands. A new world of Art is opening to educate the patrons who are rising round us.

The crown and paragon of the collection, the very flower and climax of the band, is the *Fighting Teméraire tugged to her last Berth*, which stands out from amongst them as a great flame-coloured Mexican cactus, the very emperor of flowers, would do in a nosegay of simple primroses. We place it first of all his works, because it excels in colour all landscapes, we might almost say, in the world;—we place it first, because it excels in colour, and it was as a colourist that Turner excelled almost all painters. It is wonderful for all the qualities of colour, for brilliancy, contrast, breadth, tone, transparency, and light. And all these fantasies are lavished on one of the simplest of heroic themes:—an old man-of-war being towed to her last moorings,—her grave,—where, her life well spent, she will return to those primitive elements from whence her oaks first sprang. She is towed by a steamer, late in the sunset, which is smouldering fiercely out of the sky, and beyond the whirlpool of crimson and yellow, and the flame-streaks of vermillion, a blue haze is creeping up the river to meet the night. Grand and warrior-like, stern, and like an unconquered veteran, proud of trophy and scar, the *Téméraire* moves on, with its lance-like masts erect, its broad hull looming stupendous and threatening over a water red as with the blood of past battles. A grand and touching sight is the old ship, so vast and thunderous in its sleeping and now well-nigh exhausted might,—so staunch, so true, and indomitable it is. The tug seems to convoy it gently and lovingly, as the enormous bulk whitens and troubles the water. To the right we see dim through the blue vapoury twilight a factory, and masts and chimneys, all hinted with a divine art which astonished and delights us. To the left of the sunset that still dominates and sways its dying torches rises the moon, cooling the picture with delicious semitones of grey and purple, that fade away into pearl. Just below the sunset, the chief focus of light in the picture, rolls and swallows a huge black buoy, forming a mass which leads the eye to the strange shadows of the steamer's bows, brightening from dark brown to a yellow and more luminous duskiness. From the broad vermillion splash that is the core of the sunset to the pale blue and pearl of the moon-region of the picture, is a grand compass for any painter's brush, and needed a hundred-

fingered man and a ten-horse power of brain to paint.

In no picture we have ever seen can you pass through so far, and yet come to no wall that orders back the impatient and forth-flying imagination. Through a thousand semitones and half-notes of grey and neutral tint we reach the sovereign colours that rule the picture. The very relaxations and freedoms of the drawing seem true to the aerial witchery and beguilement of such an hour and such an evening. The winged trails of scattered sunset fire—the red reflexions of the vessel—the yellow tinge on the sail—the brown shadows—the light trail of smoke in the distance—the rich-coloured vapours of the steamer's funnel—the junction of red and blue in the distance, where the sunset dips and fuses its edge into the blue river fog,—are all so many points of chromatic harmony.

As a picture it is the most glorious consummation of colouring ever painted by English fingers, or seen by English eyes. In exquisite transparency it surpasses water colours; in strength and purity it transcends oil. It is the noblest English poem, founded on English scenery and English events, ever thrown on canvas. He who painted this deserves indeed a seat in our wide Pantheon. As the *Téméraire* is the paragon of colour, so is the *Shipwreck* the grandest in design and epic spirit, and is fully equal to the 'Wreck of the Minotaur,' though not so spontaneous in its effect. Compared to this Vandervelde is tame as Claude, and sinks to a mere landsman. The brown and black darkness of this picture is only lighted by the dreadful whiteness of the central gulph where the boat full of drowning men rolls and welters. Half the sky is blocked back by the great yellow sail of the galloper, that stands out against the grey wreck. The hell of waters, churned white, draws everything to its vast mouth, from which it spits its foam and venom up against heaven and the pitying angels. The red jackets of the sailors, painted broad, clear and strong, give a terrible warmth and reality to the struggling crowds in the boats and in the whirlpool. If you keep the spray and sleet out of your eyes, you can see the wreck rolling helpless in the distance. Everything in the picture—men, drift, wreck, boat, wind and cloud, are all driven and yielding helplessly, but struggling, to the great destiny of the storm that impels them whether they

would not.

A singular contrast to these two pictures of active and passive power comes the *Moonlight at Millbank*, as gentle a thing as a woman could paint. It is merely a quiet silent night, with a few boats at rest. Lambeth towers cut the horizon, and the broad moon, a palpable spot of whiteness in the brown dusk, shines bold above. It is very calm is this night, and if we listen we almost hear the low wash of the tide against the keels of the boats. This is an early work, however, of the painter, and is rather conventional in tone, and a mere sketch of a river scene.

Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats Trawling.—This is also a wonderful picture, though the materials are of the simplest. A level sand—a roll of water—some white-winged flashing gulls, and a few boats, make up the miracle; but such gulls, with such swooping, flapping wings; such sand, so transparent and wave-washed, as are not to be seen anywhere but in Turner's pictures. These were the scenes that beguiled his solitude in those self-reliant hours in Queen Anne Street, when as yet he had few admirers, and no public to shout approval at his back.

After such quiet coast scenes, with the rude fishermen and rolling sweeps of lion-created waves, we can scarcely imagine the same meditative mind could have painted the *Cottage destroyed by an Avalanche*. Here the quiet man, watching the sand furrows on the beach, suddenly gives us the wild-beast rush of the avalanche, crushing man's home, as a cannon-ball would a child that stood in its path. It falls—that mountain of rock and snow, that has been for centuries dragging its world of ruin in its slow but irresistible path—suddenly with a leap and roar, like one of those upturn crags with which Jove overwhelmed the rebel giants. It is like a bit of Homer, this grand idea of the painter's, which he has rolled, as if

from heaven, in its grandeur and its terror; for the dramatic moment of a horror Turner alone can give in its full intensity. The avalanche, with the voice of thunder, may have fallen for miles. It comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither. The dark embrown'd sky, the oblique hurricane of rain,—all show the fury and madness of the storm. What dreadful force is employed in the complete flattening and splintering of the beams and walls, from which the quick cat leaps—the only survivor! This is an epitome of terror, and a wonderful realization of one of the horrors of a beautiful country, over which these snow thunderbolts ever hang.

The *View in Wales* connoisseurs pronounce a clever and successful imitation of Wilson; but what are imitations worth? especially when the same hand could execute works like the 'Téméraire' and the 'Shipwreck.'

The *View on Clapham Common* has not much in it but simple truth, and tufts of trees.

Greenwich Hospital is an idealized transcript of Nature, just flavoured with poetry in a glimpse of looming smoky distance, exhaled from the world's workshop. It is a grey, dull, iron-bound day, with east wind probably blowing. In the foreground, are Scotch fir and deer; and beyond, the river, and Limehouse, and the Pool; yet all so positive and powerful that, in comparison of his later fireworks and phantasmagoria of paint, it seems almost a classic work, so deep and full is its tone and so pure its neutral colour.

Abingdon is many flights higher. It was painted in 1810, just after Turner's return from the Alps, and seems as if his spirit, exhausted by sublimity, bathed itself in this paradise of calmness, to realize its being again at home in England. The cows drinking—the watching labourers—the moored barges—the transparent haze, that veils without hiding the banks of the Thames,—the bridges and Abingdon Church Tower, are calm as calm can be. Such a luminous opaqueness—such a gauzy fog—light and shade woven together, so broad and wonderful in tone,—was perhaps never before produced by brush. So strongly local is the effect, that it may be considered as a sort of apotheosis of the Thames; yet so true, that it becomes a sort of standard of how high the imagination can soar and yet keep within sight of earth. By the side of this picture, we indeed lament Turner's later tricky imbecilities—his finger-loads of paint—his loss of outline—his white fogs and burnt sienna flickers an unreal and uninteresting as any mysteries of paint ever bequeathed to the Oxford Street Asylum.

First among his rivalries of Claude, to which we are indebted to that lover of asphalt, Sir George Beaumont, stands *The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire*, which is crowded with stupendous brown trees and a certain Temple-Garden sort of mixture of foliage and water, with a theatrical sprinkling of boneless women and walking gentlemen with full-feathered helmets. As for propriety of scene, there is none; but there is much hurrying into impossible barges and much make-believe of stage banqueting, and such like. Very dead it is, and would be little better than so much hot, brown canvas, were it not for the great white fire of the sun that burns upon the water, and turns it all to glory—were it not for the sky, so radiant, luminous, vast, and eternal—and for the distance, which is epic, and gives the picture a grandeur equal to a whole book of the *Aeneid*. As for Carthage, it might be Paul's Wharf and it would lose no value as a work of Art. A great mind that could, like Vishnu, swallow and digest the seven suns, painted this picture; and one whose mind had risen above this system of ours set that painted sun to shine and burn harmlessly for ever.

The Burial of Wilkie is an example of the best of his fantasias. A terrible eclipse hangs over this picture, and the painter makes the universe sympathize in the sadness he feels. The darkness overclouds it like a pall, and through this, as through the dark tomb cleaving asunder at the Resurrection, breaks a great light, bright, keen and sudden as a sword. The sails are dark, and the swelling, troubled smoke dims the water which

the moon chills and silvers. Thoughts of death and eternity are written in sable letters upon the canvas, and we feel that sea and sky, earth and heaven, have lost a portion of their brightness; and we look up for the great tear-drops of the rain that must soon come and fall in angel agony upon the smooth and unbroken sea.

The *Bay of Baiae* is very unreal in its character, and very thin and shadowy in its broken bas-reliefs, its threatening snake (allegorical, perhaps), its shattered vaults of bygone Luculla villas, its brown ground, and Italian *et cetera*. But all this is but the mosaic setting to a most rare and delicate sapphire. There, in tranquil and sunny splendour, lies the blue wonder of the bay and the melting distance, like mounded clouds rather than earth and rock. Never painter painted with ultramarine air or with such cloud-dyes as this wonderful man of Maiden Lane. Never was such azure witchery fixed and rendered permanent on wood or linen. All the verses Italy ever prompted are tame and dull beside such miles of blue air and serene sunlight.

Phryne going to the Bath as Venus.—Not to be intoxicated by public opinion, this is, with much enchantment, an unpleasing and *fade* picture. Was ever such a heap of rag dolls ever brought together and called men and women. *Venuses*, indeed!—say rather limp-lankness seen through a burnt-sienna fog in a classical dream after falling asleep over one of Racine's tragedies. The strongest imagination can hardly allow these longitudes to be women; as for Phryne—bah! In all the picture the trees are scraggy and ultra-mannered both in drawing, composition, and colour. The distance, too, is the beautiful dream of a painter's strong memory, but still a dream. It is a world panorama, such a vision as Satan showed from the mount. A white brightness irradiates it all, and leaves unfixed the junction of earth and air.

The Bridge of Sighs.—This is the dotation of a great mind. There is much straining, much weak and irresolute piling of paint, till it stands in ragged buttons all over the canvas. The mind's eye is dimmed and the hand grows feeble. The taste has grown morbid, and "lusts" for impossible and useless effects. The two extremes of the mind stand still firm. The sky-colour is still admirable, and the drawing worse than ever; altogether, we must own, with sorrow, shaky, foggy, blurred, and even non-existing. The figures, too, are now mere shapeless clothes-bags. The man who can praise such works as these is not a critic, but a partisan. True, the walls are of a pleasant pink, and the sky a tender blue. The bridge springs grandly, and the water is a sea of wonders, and shines like an ocean of melted jewels; but the affectations and excesses of the artist's mind are obvious. There is a wilful and obstinate exaggeration in everything,—all the spiritual accidents are painted stronger than the tangible realities. The shadows are heavier than the boats—the sky than the buildings. It is, in fact, a beautiful dotation, and nothing else. It is interesting only as a decline and fall, as the end of a lifetime, as a comparison—as a warning.

The "Sun of Venice" setting sail.—This is a wonderful bit of a rainbow, rather surprising than pleasing and calming. It looks like *tour de force*—sort of slap in the face to an incredulous and dullard public. It is a phantasmagoria. The sails of the vessels are all blue, and red, and yellow, and there is a fly-about, vagaryish character about the whole that is not very rational or of this or any other world. The beauty of it is, that we do not see the eternal Englishman in it as we do in almost all past and existing landscapes,—nor the thick, horny mist and suffused blueness of our mountain and lake exhalations. This is a poem founded on Italian experiences, but dreamy and ideal, and of the seventh heaven as much as if it were a scene from Shelley's *'Alastor'*. Still, if the spectator is a thorough Turnerian, and chooses to take the seventh heaven for granted, he may rejoice in the trembling distance that is creating itself and growing from the air, and in the broad-winged, free, joyous flight of the flamingo-like vessel—which certainly has never been registered at Lloyd's, though it may stand A. 1. in some fairy

flotilla of which Oberon is commodore and Puck purser.

A pest on Sir Claude and on the old gentleman with his Claude Lorraine spectacles, Sir George, who set Turner to bewilder himself with Lemière's second-hand history and mythology, better forgotten, and drove him from nature and true fame. Here is *Apollo and Daphne*, for instance, by the "man who never repeated himself," who beat Claude a thousand times, and yet must needs go back and show us that he keeps him in view. We tire of those gingerbread temples, grand with uncertain pillars and unfinished architraves, puzzling and almost tormenting to architects, so un-Grecian Grecian, so big and pompous and uninhabitable, with all the people out of doors, as if they were disgusted with such houses and must bask in that Paradise of sun and gold. We tire of those fribby, shabby, brown-paper barges, all gilt and rottenness. We tire of those slovenly nymphs and bandy divinities, with odd noses and uncertain profiles. Cockney tableaux they are, and seem gathered together from all landscape foregrounds ever infested by rag-men and red and blue labourers resting against stiles, watching chestnut and white cows do nothing with great assiduity. A dreadful, conventional, upholstered, dummy world is this one of 'Apollo and Daphne.' Alas, for the spindly, awkward trees and the puppets below! The self-educated man could not realize these scenes that require a mis-spent youth and an ill-begun manhood to properly relish. Turner had not spent his four best years in studying the loves of Jupiter and Io, and therefore could not enjoy these legends, so beneficial and invigorating to the moral nature of unripe youth just matriculated.

We must except, however, from this disgust and regret *Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus*. As for Agrippina, much Turner cared about Agrippina. "What's Hecuba to him?" He knew from Lemière that she was somebody's mother, and brought somebody's ashes to Rome—Rome, ah! that set him alight,—and the ashes went to the four winds for all he cared for Agrippina. This, then, is a dream of Rome, and has a panoramic grandeur about it, especially characteristic of the painter in his more ideal moods. Sometimes he is just a mere meditative Scott, as at Abingdon, or where the low waves lash themselves to madness, somewhere about Heligoland, or shoulder each other, fifty a-breast, towards the beach of Holland. Here he is a Shelley and a Byron together. This is a multiplied wonder of walls, and towers, and palaces, so glorified and transfigured by light, that they seem to increase and rise as we gaze: as through a telescope at noonday, from a hill above the Arno, or as through rent in the mist that hides an Alp we see a world at sunset, so you penetrate here, as with a Caesar's eye, a whole empire of magnificence. Where other men painted an inch this painter gives us a mile; where others turn heaven to earth he turns earth to heaven. He grinds up sunlight with his luminous, thin, golden glazes of oil. He has stolen flame crimson from the sunset, and trapped the moonbeams that stole some night to his dreary damp garret in mouldy Queen Anne Street—and here they are again fixed.

As for the sea, "bless you!" as a sailor would say, he knew it by heart,—knew its long roll and thunder crash—its whirlpools and death-troughs—its sweep and run—its scud and sparkle—its laugh and frown—its tremendous anger and its treacherous rippling calm. As for sky, he knew it as the lark or the angel. Its broad reaches of sunlight—its shoals of crimson and yellow clouds—its purple mirages—its blue seas and dove-coloured vapours—its blazes of flame and its radiating sunset fire-fountains. Snow and hail, storm and vapour, he kept in little prisons of his brain just as one keeps fish in the tank of a fishing-boat. If he did but bend his brow, a thousand genii rose to glad him,—lone, neglected, old, sad, cheerless, in Queen Anne Street, with nothing to love (terrible want) and nothing to hope—but clammy, Westminster-Abbey fame! Rub but his five colours in a glistening ring upon his cracked, warped

palette, and anon rose around him the blue-winged genius of the air (a great lover of that soured, crabbed old miser), the flaming angel of the sun, the dark spirit of the earth, and the Undine of the wave. What cared he for sneers of picture-dealers with such spirits to watch his dirty door! He knew he was a god-crowned man, and did not care much for your levees and your solemn "over-twenty-stone" titles. Talk of the Arabian's magic carpet, why he had but to set his foot on his stained hearth-rug and he was, in a moment, swift as a thought, riding on a falling avalanche or sliding on a slant sunbeam down a palace-wall at Venice. There will come a day when that dingy house in Queen Anne Street—favourite haunt of the spider and the rat—will be visited like the great house in Warwickshire.

We feel that this Exhibition is an epoch in English Art. It will teach artists what to do and what not to do. It will teach them the glory and the fame of true Art, its tardy but *its certain* recognition.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We yesterday groped our way into the Guildhall—through the somewhat circus-like decorations for next Monday's ball—through sheaves of red and blue flags, queer Old-World faded tapestry, and much gilded clap-trap—to see Mr. Bell's memorial of Wellington, and Mr. Durham's bust of the Queen, which Sir F. Moon has just presented to the Corporation of the City. The monument of Wellington is of the usual Guildhall conventional shape and size, and is surmounted by a statue of the dead Duke, looking as heroic as a man can look in a frock-coat, tight trowsers, and other nineteenth-century undainties. The statue is manly and honest, and that is all that can well be said of it. The eye is full and bold, but there is not much poetry or thought in either attitude or expression, and it wants that last touch which raises talent into genius. Below the Duke, on either side of the votive tablet—which looks like a shop-front—sit uneasily Peace and War. Peace is, of course, a smiling, benign, philoprogenitive-looking goddess, with laurel and other typical vegetables. On the other side, like a vindictive poor relation who has just heard a will read and finds his name is not down, scowls the truculent-looking rascal who represents War. The attitude of this figure Michael Angelo first thought of, but as he is dead and can make no more use of it, we see no reason that Mr. Bell should not bring it again to market. To tell the real truth, the whole affair seems to us a rather pompous, pretentious, empty piece of allegorical business. It is sad that patronage, when it does come, necessitates such emptiness, at which Genius can but work grudgingly and of necessity. We wish Mr. Bell better subjects and those more congenial to his skill and taste. Mr. Durham's bust of the Queen is, we believe, the one exhibited this spring at the Academy, in rivalry with Marochetti's. It has been beautifully mounted in a niche of dark grey marble, with a suitable pedestal, which shows it off to the utmost advantage. It has a merit beyond truth of likeness and care of finish:—it is pure and poetical, and the face is "informed" by a fine spirit of generous and noble womanhood. The eyelids and mouth are sharply cut, and a firm touch and vigour of hand are visible in all the workmanship. Amid the tawdriness and rather vulgar display of the Guildhall banquet-rooms, this fine marble shines like a star.—There is also now placed in one of the chambers, as a temporary ornament, an appropriate statue that, if aldermen can understand what Art is, should be a permanent one. We mean Mr. Carew's *'Whittington'*. It really must make the heart of any rough self-educated common-council-man leap within him to see a legend which he knows only from his child's coloured chap-book, thus glowing eternal in the marble. The fine story of Whittington is, *par excellence*, the legend of commercial London. Gog and Magog are stuffed myths—the Babes at the Tower historical shadows; Wat Tyler was an unlucky and premature Chartist, put down by a hot-headed fishmonger; but Whittington is the child of a golden age, and has incited a thousand

'prentices to scale heaven and run away with their master's daughters. Cockneys stand on Highgate Hill, look at the very milestone that this myth sat on, and imagine themselves the heroes of Ludgate and the champions of Little Britain. Mr. Carew has chosen the dramatic moment of the story; the little pilgrim resting on the Highgate milestone has just spelt out what the bells are saying. His bundle on the ground, his staff, his girded waist, all tell the story. In his hopeful boyish face, Mr. Carew has thrown an expression which is, to say the least of it, peculiarly successful. The slightly parted lips, the dilating eye, the grace of boyhood, its freshness and its religion, are all blooming in this stone. With a higher pedestal and a more artistic light Mr. Carew cannot fail on Monday night to draw a crowd of warm appreciators round his most meritorious work. Amongst other statues (we believe lent for the occasion) are the portrait-figures of the Princesses Helena and Louisa, under the allegorical disguises of Peace and Plenty—Plenty being indicated not by a quatern-loaf, but by a few corn ears. The expressions of the faces are full of youthful sweetness and tenderness. The master-piece of bad taste among this multifarious crowd of good and indifferent is, what probably some master of the ceremonies deems his happiest hit. This is (O gods! and men!) a statue of Australia, radiant with an artificial light, and standing before a panoramic picture of Melbourne. The effect is worthy of Greenwich Fair; and only wants the Sword-bearer to cry "Walk up, walk up, we're a-just a-going to begin" to complete the illusion. A more execrable bit of *Vandalism* we never heard of since Ben Jonson's time, when the Mayor would paint the City statues, or, since a prudent Pope commanded the obsequious artist to put vermilion small-clothes upon Michael Angelo's children of Bolesphub in his 'Last Judgment,' which he thought so indecently innocent. No doubt the right of Australia holding up a gold nugget, as Jack Horner did his plum, is refreshing to men with large accounts at their bankers; but pleasant as it is, statuary cannot be thus mixed up with painting. The gentleman who arranged this delicious tableau may be a master of the ceremonies; but one thing we are certain he is not, and never will be,—a Master of Arts.

Some correspondent can doubtless answer the following:

"Nov. 13.

"I observed in a contemporary last week a question, whether there is any material that a sculptor could use at once for modelling in, to save the expense and labour of casting his clay model in plaster. It is said, that Mr. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, has invented such a material in Paris—can any of your subscribers describe what it is, as it would be a boon to artists at the present time in competing for the Wellington Monument.—I remain, &c."

"A SUBSCRIBER."

Among letters which we have received from various quarters on the ungenerous and unjust attack made by a contemporary on the late Joseph Powell, we have the following note, with its inclosure:

"2, Thorndill Road, Barnsbury, Nov. 10.

"Allow me, through your columns, to contradict wholly and emphatically the extraordinary statements contained in the concluding paragraph of the notice in this month's *Art-Journal* of the death of Joseph Powell, the successful competitor for the Royal Academy's last year's gold medal. He was, to my personal knowledge, the reverse of all that the Editor therein insinuates; and so far from 'squandering his youth,' 'misappropriating his powers,' 'wasting his energies, and exhausting his constitution,' I feel convinced that a more earnest, sober, and devoted student never sat within the walls of the Academy. Thirsting after knowledge, drinking deeply from the best sources of French, German, and Italian literature—daily laying up for himself treasures from the rich storehouses of our own great language—a student, in short, in the noblest and widest sense of the term—Joseph Powell could never, either from

disposition, temperament, or mental conformation, have led the miserable life implied in this memory-murdering paragraph; and under what baneful influence the Editor could have been labouring when he wrote so unfeeling a homily the gods alone may tell. In conclusion, permit me to quote a few words from a letter of Mr. John White Johns, Royal Academy student, and Drawing-master of the Normal College, Swansea,—the truth of whose observations I can vouch for, as I had the pleasure of counting Mr. Powell among my most frequent and welcome guests, and enjoyed his entire confidence. 'From the commencement of 1853,' says Mr. Johns, 'to his illness in the present year, we lived and worked together. He was a most temperate young man, and seldom or ever entered a place of public amusement. His means were scanty, and had he been so inclined, would not have supported him in such a course of life. His illness originated not in dissipation, but in a severe cold caught at the Crystal Palace, while engaged on work for the *Art-Journal*; and although the Editor insinuatingly parades his kindness and patronage, those who know the history of Mr. Powell's latest troubles could give very different version of the matter. The Editor of the *Art-Journal* may have been very liberal with advice, but during Mr. Powell's last illness he sent me to obtain payment for some of the 'drawings of statues' to be engraved in the *Art-Journal*, and the Editor may remember that a considerable amount was deducted from the stipulated price, although he (the Editor) declared to me that the drawings were perfectly satisfactory. If,' asks Mr. Johns, in concluding, 'Mr. —'s advice is usually coupled with such conduct, can he wonder that it is not appreciated?' Hoping that you will deem this notice of sufficient importance for insertion,—I remain, &c., JOHN ROBERTSON."

M. Jeosse, the Belgian sculptor, has completed the first model of his equestrian statue of Charlemagne, to be erected on the St.-Lambert Place, Liège; and is now busy with the model for the pedestal. This equestrian statue will have a peculiar merit by its historical truth, being worked after the gilt bronze statuette which was presented by Charles the Bald to the Cathedral of Metz. Having disappeared during the French Revolution, this statuette was found again in 1804, at some antiquary's at Metz, and has lately come into the possession of an English amateur, who allowed M. Jeosse to copy it for his purpose.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ST. MARTIN'S HALL—Handel's 'ISRAEL in EGYPT' will be performed on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 19, under the direction of MR. JOHN HULLAN. Principal Vocalists:—Madame Rudesterdorff, Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Cakin (his first appearance), Mr. H. Barnby, Mr. Thomas. Tickets, 1s., 2s. ed.; Stalls, 5s., may be had of the Music-sellers, and at St. Martin's Hall. Commence at half-past 7.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We, last week, promised a welcome to Miss Catharine Hayes. The pledge could not be better redeemed than by saying that it seems as if we had never taken leave of her; since never sailed Lady round the world who came home in better preservation than the Irish songstress. Musical or vocal gain was not to be expected; but it is something to have come, by no losses. The voice of Miss Hayes may have gained some strength in its lower notes; but her style and accomplishments seem what they were. She is, as formerly, incompletely brilliant, articulate, expressive, and graceful: neither a very good singer nor a very bad one; not apparently having added to the individuality she possessed when she steamed away from England. Hence, possibly, she will continue successful in proportion as her career is that of a comet, and not of a fixed star. When she (or her public) tires of 'Come per me sereno,' or 'Casta Diva,' or 'The harp that once in Tara's halls,'—when, in short, Miss Hayes begins to display her art in some entire work, or new creation,—we hope to find that the stores of treasure which (Rumour says) she has brought home have some balance in the increased vocal skill and musical science which she brings in aid

of the composer, ancient or modern, and in delight of the public.

HATMARKET.—Since our last notice Mr. Murdoch has appeared in two fresh characters—*Vapid*, in Reynolds's slight comedy of 'The Dramatist,' and *Charles Surface*, in Sheridan's *chef-d'œuvre*, 'The School for Scandal.' We remark in these the same thorough enjoyment of the specialities, and particularly the wit of the parts; the same emphatic delivery of the text; the skilful selection of points, and the admirable by-play, by which his former efforts were distinguished. The mind of the actor is present in all he does; and he throws himself always into the situation with perfect confidence both in his author and his audience—perhaps, also, in himself. He cannot, however, be unconscious of a certain unworldliness both in his organ and in his person that, let him be as gay as he will, he cannot be as light as he would. There is a weight in his style, action and elocution, that embarrasses the more sparkling movements of the actor, and makes us painfully acknowledge, a limitation of power, and perceive the purposed substitution of perpetual velocity for natural dash. Mr. Murdoch cannot, like the great French actors, stand quiet, and by the mere change of vocal tone, communicate the required feeling; but is compelled to use his arms and legs in excess; either "sawing the air with his hand—thus," or traversing the stage in all directions. Leaving, however, Mr. Murdoch to be effective in his own way, we may particularly commend the manner in which 'The School for Scandal' was revived. The different parts were judiciously distributed, and a specific novelty was provided in the stately Miss Talbot undertaking *Mrs. Candour*, who nevertheless found in her an intelligent exponent. Mr. Chippendale was good in *Sir Peter Teasle*, though somewhat quaint and dry; and Miss Reynolds performed the part of *Lady Teasle* in her most careful manner. The company is manifestly improving by the practice of these revivals, and there is much reason to hope well for their future efforts.

LYCEUM.—A play, entitled 'Fabian,' and described as new, though it proved to be no other than our old French friend 'The Black Doctor' with a new name, was produced at the Lyceum on Thursday evening with complete success. Indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon were called before the curtain at the close of every act to receive the congratulations of an audience not more friendly than judicious. Mrs. Weston played her little part with great intelligence and quiet power—proving her thorough possession of the stage and its business. The scenes, dresses, and decorations were splendid. If we must pick out a scene, where all the scenes were excellent, for special commendation, we must indicate the close of the first act, where the surges of the waters were most terrible and effective.

The revival of 'The Lady of Lyons' at this theatre has been remarkably successful. On Monday there was a large house, and much enthusiasm was excited by the vigour thrown by Mr. Dillon into the more pathetic points of *Claude Melnotte's* character. The third and fourth acts each terminated with triumphant effect, and the actor was recalled. This actor evidently yet considers himself in a state of probation, and it is hopeful that he should do so; but his course is steadily progressive. The theatre, too, appears modestly conducted; the play-bills are free from all trace of puffing; and indeed we feel at the Lyceum that we are in a house presided over by a gentleman and a gentlewoman.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff appeared on Tuesday as *The Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*, in Kotzebue's sentimental drama. We could have desired a higher-class piece as the subject of their illustration, for the sake of their audience and the cause of dramatic progress. The hero and heroine were both powerfully portrayed, and the performance was well received.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Since this day week, a manifesto has been put forth, the interest of which, as largely coinciding in spirit with our past remarks, is great so far as we are concerned. We had no idea on Saturday last that such advance had been made in plans for Handelian commemorations in England as appears from a project broached in a published letter to the members of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, which has been laid before us, and may be regarded as a provisional prospectus. In this letter it is stated, that without prejudice to or interruption of its Exeter Hall performances, the *Sacred Harmonic Society* has the intention of holding a great Handel Festival next season (probably during May), preliminary to its centenary celebrations of 1859. The sketch provides for grand performances of 'The Messiah,' 'Israel,' 'Judas,' and one full rehearsal. The place is to be the transept of the Crystal Palace. The orchestra is to consist of a chorus two thousand strong, and a band of three hundred players, conducted by Signor Costa. We apprehend that a gigantic celebration of this kind has taken place in no country,—the nearest approach to it being, possibly, the winter performances in the Riding-School at Vienna. We apprehend, too, that in the case of no other music except Handel's is it practicable, with the chance of any commensurate effect,—since, whereas others have multiplied combinations, in the vain hope of obtaining force, he rested his effects on the original grandeur and simplicity of his thoughts, which admit of a vastness of extension in their utterance almost without limit. The experiments made at the opening of the Crystal Palace, and, again, by the Opera concerts held there this spring, have proved the plan more feasible as regards musical value and reality than might have been imagined. To some curious statistics numbering audiences and performances, collected in this "Letter," we may return,—simply, for the moment, pointing out that the distance to which London has "shot ahead" in the matter of choral performances during the past twenty years can hardly be overstated. If we have been unjust in our valuation of German enthusiasm, as regards Handel, there is ample time for the amateurs of Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Vienna, Cologne, to "take up the glove" thrown down by our leading London Society, and to show England what the Germans can do for our great German fellow-citizen, whose memory England reveres. Of course, to the working-out of so vast a project, whether "preliminary" or final, every week will contribute its new hints. Let us offer one. Is it impossible for the variety of Handel to be illustrated at such a festival, as well as his grandeur? What if a concert of his secular music could be added? Are not his 'Acis' and 'Alexander's Feast' large enough to fit the proportions of such vast performances?

It is advertised that the first performance given by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* towards the end of the month will not, as was rumoured, include the 'Dettingen Te Deum,' but consist of 'Solomon.'

A memorandum or two which M. d'Ortigue has thrown together in the *Journal des Débats* concerning the introduction of Beethoven's music to Paris, are worthy of being noticed, in no spirit of national vain-glory, but as illustrating the line of argument which we have taken in regard to the Handel Centenary, and in needful correction of certain Continental ideas, as false as they are fixed, with regard to English backwardness in the admission of foreign genius. In 1825, two years before Beethoven's death,—nine years after his works were so well known in England and he had received such sympathy from our London musicians that his letters were filled with eager propositions to write for London, and with acknowledgments of English honoriaria he had received,—he was comparatively unknown in Paris, as the anecdote we paraphrase goes on to prove. As early as 1821, it is true, M. Habeneck, by persecution, had obtained leave to bring forward, at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*, Beethoven's Symphony in D, with changes and cuts, and his 'Mount of Olives': the Oratorio had been received with some favour and forgotten,—but, in 1825, the true doctrine had as yet made

little way. M. Habeneck, having a little leisure, and not having parted with his favourite idea,—put on the disguise of an Amphitryon, and invited some thirty of his colleagues to dine with him on St. Cecilia's Day, adding to his invitation,—"We shall have a little music."

The result of this dinner was thus described by M. le Chevalier Meifred, a Professor at the Conservatoire, and formerly Secretary to the Concerts (which since then, it may be said, have only lived on the glory of performing Beethoven's music):—

"Fearing to hurt a man whose talent was so generally appreciated (and who, further, gave such a capital dinner), the musicians accepted his invitation eagerly, and executed under his direction the Symphonies in A and 'Eroica,' &c. We found that these two Symphonies contained some portions which were well enough, and, if they were properly studied and executed by a more complete orchestra, it would not be impossible, in spite of a good number of incoherencies, tedious passages, and digressions, they might produce some effect."

We imagine, however, that the French were in advance of England in knowledge of Beethoven's opera: a French translation of which was produced at the *Odeon*. If our neighbours have been too slow in discovery, our own fault has lain in a too unquestioning acceptance of all foreign reputations. To the good men and true in music we have never been churchly hosts, selfish purveyors, or capricious admirers.

We are informed that the Philharmonic Directors for 1856 remain for the next season, without displacement, having been re-elected. We learn, too, that the performances of this spring yielded a surplus,—which was spent in testimonials: a proceeding to our fancy more cordial than discreet, considering the exceptional circumstances under which this year's concerts were given.

After "resolve and re-resolve" (to quote Young),—after having been put in rehearsal, withdrawn, altered, shortened, during a year and three quarters past, or thereabouts, Signor Biletti's 'La Rose de Florence' at last came to a hearing, at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris, on Monday last,—as a two-act opera. The *Times* correspondent states that some portions of the music were much applauded.

Madame Steffanone (the same lady, we apprehend, who sang during the first season of the Royal Italian Opera, and who has since been in America) replaced Madame Frezzolini the other evening at the Italian Opera in Paris, with so much success that she appears to be installed there as a regular member of the company.—The want of a soprano capable of satisfying London and Parisian audiences, is becoming imminent: Madame Medori having failed, at the *Grand Opéra*, it seems, even more completely than we had expected, and Madame Alboni's usurpations having been attended by those remarks and comparisons which it is unwise to tempt. Yet fine voices are to be heard, or to be heard of, in many places.—A Signora Lotti, now at St. Petersburg, has been spoken of more than once as a lady who would have done well to learn to sing.

An opera, entitled 'La Fanciulla delle Asturie,' has been produced at the Canobbians Theatre, Milan, by Signor Secchi, a composer whose name is new to us.—We hear that a new opera by Signor Vera, who has long been resident in London, is now in preparation at Rome for immediate representation.

French journals have, of late, been recommending the adaptable qualities of aluminium as a metal, dwelling especially on its lightness and sonority. A Correspondent asks, whether "it has been yet thought of for musical instruments,—such as cornets, trombones, and organ-pipes?"

M. Janin's *feuilleton* of Monday last is devoted to a new five-act drama, 'Madame de Montare,' which has just been produced at the *Théâtre Odeon*, by M. Bouilhet, a new author, whom the critic welcomes as an author of promise. The want of some new inspiration is beginning to be felt heavily in the theatres of Paris.

MISCELLANEA

Submarine Maps.—We read in the *Daily News*, As far back as the year 1852 the celebrated orientalist, Professor Forchhammer, of the University of Kiel, suggested in a speech to the assembled

savans of Germany at their annual gathering at Wiesbaden, the possibility of constructing submarine charts on the same principle as the common geographical maps, with a shading of greater or lesser strength to denote the mountains and other inequalities of the bed of the sea. That gentleman has just now had a map on this principle engraved. It is intended to illustrate a work of his now in the press on the Ruins of Troy, and represents the sea between the Island of Tenedos and the opposite coast of Asia Minor, including therefore the classic spot where the Greek fleet lay at anchor, the rendezvous of the different naval contingents to the memorable expedition to Troy. This submarine map is partly based on the soundings taken by the late Captain T. Graves, R.N., of H.M.'s surveying ship *Beacon*, and published in the Admiralty charts, and partly from the observations made on the spot by the learned Professor himself, who spent a long time in those classical parts for the purpose of studying their topography. He proposes to call the charts constructed on his new system "Benthographical Maps," preferring (perhaps for the sake of euphony) the Ionic form of *Béotoc*, to the Attic term *Bátor*, more generally used to designate depth.

Relics of the Stuarts.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes from Rome:—"A collection of antique jewels and arms, interesting from their intrinsic value and artistic merit, but still more from the circumstance of their having belonged at different periods to various members of the royal house of Stuart, has just been purchased in this city for Lord John Scott, from the late Cardinal York's *gentiluomo*, to which officer of his household his Eminence bequeathed these family reliques. The collection, for which the purchaser has paid about £600, comprises the ring worn by the Pretender, entitled hers James III., on his marriage here with the Princess Clementina Sobieski, and the marriage-ring of his son, Prince Charles Edward, inclosing a beautiful little miniature; a gold ring, with a white rose in enamel, worn by King James II. and James III.; a ring, with a cameo portrait in ivory of James II.; a ring, with a miniature portrait of Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, when young; a ring, with a cameo portrait, by the celebrated engraver Pickler, of James Sobieski, great uncle of the Pretender's wife; a ring, with a cameo portrait, by the same artist, of the wife of Prince Charles Edward; a ring, with a cameo portrait of Prince Charles Edward; a ring, with a cameo portrait of the Duchess of Albany; a ring, containing a lock of hair of the Duchess of Albany; an antique emerald seal, formerly belonging to James III.; a chaledony seal, with the Order of St. Andrew; Charles Stuart's watch-seal; seal, with the motto, 'Chacun à son tour'; Cardinal York's seal, with the royal arms; an enamelled medallion of the Order of St. George, formerly worn by King Charles I.; the blade of John Sobieski's sword; a jasper-handled dagger, taken by Sobieski from the tent of a Turkish bey at the siege of Vienna; a pair of richly ornamented pistols belonging to the Sobieski family; a portrait of the Duchess of Albany's mother; a dial and compass, mounted in silver, formerly belonging to Charles Stuart. These articles are now being carefully packed, and will be shortly forwarded to England."

Literature of Wales.—The Correspondent, whose enthusiastic devotion to the old Welsh culture our readers had an opportunity of considering last week, adds: "Wherever Welsh families settle together, they maintain the habits and language of their country. In the very midst of London, a large community of Welsh people has cherished from generation to generation the religious literature of Wales. Liverpool has become a sort of Welsh metropolis to the Principality. Beyond the Atlantic, in the city and state of New York, a digest of all the periodical publications of Wales is circulated, under the name of *Y Dethydd* (The Selector),—besides original periodicals, called, *Y Cenhadwr* (The Messenger), *Y Cyfaill o'r Hen Wlad* (The Friend of the Old Country), *Y Seren* (The Star), *Y Cyfaill* (The Friend), and many others. The language is so copious, energetic and flexible,

that almost all things gain fresh strength and power when translated into it, while they gain also in conciseness of expression. For instance, the Welsh summaries of political news are models of comprehensive and succinct writing. Multitudinous as they are, it would be comparatively easy to enumerate the Welshmen of past and present generations who have risen to eminence and conferred benefits and honour upon Britain by the exercise of their several talents; but it would be a long and difficult task to track the obscure course of native genius, widely yet silently working the diffusion of blessings within the compass of their own peculiar land. Any biographical dictionary will furnish hundreds of the former: the latter must be traced when dead through their influence on survivors. The names of many who are now alive and at work are well known to us; but we feel that we should be guilty of an unjustifiable and injurious act in dragging such disinterested local labourers into unsought and undesired celebrity. The enduring prevalence of the Welsh language, notwithstanding the active measures which have been taken to suppress it, is very commonly, though very erroneously, attributed to a counteractive opposition, while it actually, and spontaneously, proceeds, in fact, from the working of natural causes. It is the life of the Welsh language, as the breath of a nation's feelings and affections, which preserves it. We may just as wisely attempt to uproot, or to fuse, the granite mountains, in order to make way, by their rapid disintegration, for more productive soils, as to change by determination the living speech of 600,000 or 700,000 people. Conformably to His will who dispersed the builders of Babel, the Cymry still speak the language of their progenitors. Whether that language shall continue or cease depends upon circumstances too complex for calculation, and alike beyond our foresight and control; but certainly no other living language can surpass it in wealth of words and power of forcible and exact expression. It is commonly argued, that Welshmen who have not a thorough acquaintance with English must, of necessity, be impeded in the career of life, and tethered down, as it were, to that inferior social rank in which they were born: yet Welshmen have proved, when casually impelled by worldly ambition, that they well know how to climb, even to the woolsack and to the archiepiscopal throne. But the desire for personal advancement is not a national characteristic of the Cymry. It seems strange, indeed, that alteration of language should be urged as a provocative of that desire, when we consider that the original diversity of tongues was the first signal judgment upon man's worldly ambition. The Cambrian peasant seldom fails to compute aright the relative value of three score years and ten and of immortality. To be useful in his own sphere, not to start out of it,—steadily to enlighten each his little system—of kinsmen, friends, and dependents—not to glare forth as a meteor to be wondered at,—to acquire knowledge, and to use it for God's glory and for his neighbour's good,—to render the improvement of his faculties conducive to the exaltation of his spiritual being: this is the main object of the true Cymro's ambition, and it is, incontrovertibly, the highest purpose of human life. Disguise it as we may from others or from ourselves, it is undoubtedly true, that the restlessness of secular aspirations is reserved only for those who, 'failing,' as Lord Bacon expresses it, 'to exalt their nature, are in perpetual estimation to exalt their place.' It might be well for pseudophilosophers, who scoff at the Cymraeg as a 'non-literary language,' to study ethics in its archaic treasures, and also to take a few theological lessons in a Welsh Sunday-school. If our true province has been rightly defined by Butler to be 'virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the temper and making the heart better,' then is the Welshman cultivating at home a field capable of yielding life's richest and noblest harvests.

W."

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